

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Arthur E. Seagrave, Manager—PUBLISHED BY THE ENTERPRISE COMPANY—Wilson Palmer, Editor

VOL. 4. NO. 5.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING FROM POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

ARLINGTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

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REGRETS ON ALL SIDES.

Charles D. Stevenson of North Lexington Who Severs Connection With L. & B. St. R'y. Co., Remembered by Fellow Employees.

A pleasant surprise was given Wednesday evening, at the waiting room at the Arlington Heights terminus of the Lexington & Boston Street railway, to Charles D. Stevenson, the assistant superintendent of the road since its inception.

Mr. Stevenson has resigned his position here to accept the management of a road in the western part of the state and his departure is much regretted by his fellow railroad men, also by a large circle of friends whose acquaintance he has made since coming to Lexington.

Employees of the road and personal friends to the number of over 100 were gathered on the occasion. The esteem in which the retiring official is held was attested by the presentation to him of a handsome gold watch and chain as a gift from the employees of the road and a few personal friends. On behalf of the young women in the office of the road, Mr. Stevenson was presented with a set of gold sleeve buttons, and also a handsome umbrella from personal friends. The watch and chain were presented by Inspector Henry Brown in a well chosen address, which was subscribed to by the donors.

The address was as follows: "It is with sincere regret we learn that you have severed your relations with the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company. It is with pleasure that we avail ourselves of this opportunity to give expression to our regard for you. This feeling is spontaneous. It is with feelings of regard born of kindly intercourse, one with another. As an official you have treated us with dignity and justice."

"In our social relations you have ever been courteous and full of good cheer. In the trying scenes of life your thoughtfulness and sympathy have ever been manifest, and in fact under all the varying circumstances of railroad life, you have proved yourself our true friend, indeed. Realizing all this, we desire to express in this way our high appreciation of, and regard for, you. Therefore, in behalf of the employees of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company, I present to you this gift."

"We grieve at your departure. We rejoice at your promotion. May the sun of prosperity shine upon you. May your life efforts be crowned with success, as the years roll by and new friends fill the places of old ones, may you still retain a part in your affections for these, your friends of the past."

Mr. Stevenson made a feeling response, dwelling on the friendship existing between himself and the employees, and at his regret in being obliged to leave them.

Supt. William H. Greene followed. O. G. Seeley, of Lexington, the well known druggist, spoke of the high regard of the citizens for Mr. Stevenson. M. J. McDonnell, the oldest employee on the road, and who was motor-man on the first car ever started on the L. & B. road, spoke for his fellow-motormen. A small group of the conductors, and Peter Reyroft, for the road department. A collation was served, after which a pleasant social hour was passed, vocal and instrumental numbers being given by different members of the company.

A BRILLIANT EVENT.

With the town hall decorated profusely with flags and bunting, and with a profusion of palms, ferns and potted plants around the stage, between 40 and 500 people made merry in Lexington, Wednesday evening, at the eighth annual concert and ball given under the auspices of Lexington Council, Knights of Columbus. The event was one of the most successful ever given by the council, and as a social success it would be hard to surpass. From 8 until 9 o'clock a program of concert music was given by the orchestra.

The grand march was a brilliant feature, and was led by the floor marshal, Grand Knight C. S. Ryan, with Mrs. Ryan. Next in line was the floor director, Deputy Grand Knight Dennis F. Hinchey, with Miss Katie Prendergast, of Arlington, and they were followed by about 100 couples.

The assistant floor directors were Dennis H. Collins and Michael J. Manley. The aids were Joseph P. Ryan, Edward H. Mara, William J. Harrington, Charles O'Neill, John T. Hinchey, James A. Hurley, Daniel E. Collins, Chas. W. O'Dowd, Michael A. O'Connell, Frank Maguire, Peter O'Connor and Fred J. Spencer.

The reception committee comprised Joseph P. Ryan, Daniel E. Collins, Edward H. Mara, Michael J. Manley, and John T. Hinchey. The committee of arrangements consisted of Chas. S. Ryan, Joseph P. Ryan, Daniel E. Collins, Michael A. O'Connell, Dennis H. Collins, Dennis F. Hinchey, John T. Hinchey, William J. Harrington, John Hinchey, Jas. A. Hurley, Edward H. Mara, Michael J. J. Kinneen, Henry J. Neville, Cornelius Manley and Fred J. Spencer.

Friends from Concord, Waltham, Woburn, Arlington, Bedford and other places were in the party.

THE RUMMAGE SALE.

The rummage sale was the attraction of Lexington, Thursday. All day Cary hall was crowded to the very door, while the streets were alive with people carting off truck of all kinds—pictures, boots, hats, shirtwaists, etc.—and by the way, if you happen to see any of your discarded wearing apparel floating about town, "Sh! Say nothing at all." But compared with other sales of the kind, this one was especially attractive, one almost everything being useful. Things disappeared rapidly, and by six o'clock almost the entire stock was cleared out. Those articles which still remained were auctioned off the evening by A. S. Mitchell. They all brought very good prices with the exception of a few stray switches, which no one had the courage to bid upon. Among the things auctioned off was the poster drawn by Roger Greeley, which was sold to Harry Putnam for the small sum of \$2.10. Everything was closed out during the evening, and the extent of the profits may be \$100.

A public meeting for the exposition of the principles and methods of the Independent Order of Good Templars will be held in Knights of Columbus hall, Arlington, Wednesday evening.

SWAN GUILTY.

Arlington Man Admits His Crime in Court.

Glad to Have Ordeal Over With and Asks Leave to Retract Plea of Not Guilty—Speaks in Weak Voice and Appears Feeble.

Roland A. Swan, formerly assistant town clerk of Arlington, was brought into the superior court at East Cambridge yesterday, and retracted his plea of not guilty. He then pleaded guilty to the whole indictment brought against him for various larcenies of town funds. The indictment contains 280 counts.

The proceedings in the court room were very brief. Swan was brought in about 10:30 a.m. and was seated in the dock. He appeared eager to have the ordeal through as quickly as possible. When Clerk Ambrose asked the usual question whether he wished to retract his former plea, Swan's voice was scarcely audible, and he nodded his head at the same time.

The formality of reading the 280 counts in the indictment was dispensed with, and the prisoner's relief, and Clerk Ambrose merely asked him to plead to the entire indictment, which he did with a low "guilty."

Immediately Swan was removed from the dock and was taken to the jail again. He presented a feeble appearance and used a cane for support while in the courtroom. He will be sentenced Wednesday.

Belmont and Waverley

If your name is not on the list of paid-up subscribers, attend to the matter now at the special offer. All paid subscriptions received before Jan. 1, 1902, will be credited paid to Jan. 1, 1902. Send subscriptions to F. W. La Bonte, Belmont, or Connor's news store, or E. A. Chandler, Waverley. A subscription will be a nice thing to give as a holiday present. Rates of \$1.00 per year take effect Jan. 1, 1902. Subscribe now!

BELMONT.

Rev. Reginald Coe expects to resume the charge of the services at All Saints' church on Sunday.

A few members of the Unitarian parish attended the Unitarian conference at Austin Street church, Cambridgeport, Wednesday.

The list of voters as prepared by the registrars of voters is somewhat smaller than that of last year. This is doubtless due to the fact that the list is one with approximately no great competitive issue.

Next Tuesday, from 6:40 a.m. until 4 p.m., the town hall will be open, and busy, doubtless, in event of town meeting. Votes will be cast for governor, lieutenant-governor, councillor, secretary of the commonwealth, treasurer and receiver-general, auditor, attorney-general, senator, representative in general court, county commissioners, associate commissioners, sheriff, district attorney, clerk of courts. Be sure and vote.

As soon as the engineer's reports are ready, a special town meeting will be held to consider new roads and lighting in the Harvard lawn district.

The "clay-pit question" which at different times has been an important one with some Belmont citizens has again come up. Many people have realized that the opening of large areas of land about the centre of the town for the removal of clay, and the building of brick yards, would not be a desirable condition. Within a few weeks negotiations have been under way for binding land for such purposes. The selectmen have taken the matter in hand, and have been strong in their opposition to a "brickery," stating that any such proposition would meet the strongest opposition of the townspeople.

The ladies of the Belmont Hospital Aid society will meet in the rooms of the Belmont club on Monday afternoon, Nov. 4, at 2 o'clock. Business meeting will be called at 3 o'clock.

The first meeting of the junior class of the Belmont high school was held last Wednesday at recess. Miss Sarah Diaz presided during the election of officers. Edward Shaw was elected president, and Miss Maud Lamont, secretary and treasurer. After the election Mr. Shaw took the chair, and the class colors were chosen. They are moss green and white.

The lunch room of the Belmont high school was re-opened this week under new management.

The roof of the new library given to the town by Mr. H. O. Underwood is boarded in and partly slated. According to the plans, Belmont will have a library when completed well worthy of pride.

Selectman Hittenger's house was re-splendid with Jack-o-lanterns, both inside and out, Thursday evening. The occasion was a Halloween party given by Miss Louise Potter, Mrs. Hittenger's daughter. Dancing was enjoyed, after which a number of the old-fashioned Halloween games were played and afforded much amusement. Refreshments were served during the evening.

An incident that furnished half an hour's excitement at the Belmont high school, last Thursday morning, was the bursting of the water pipe in the lunch room. To stop the flood it was necessary for a squad of town men to shut off the

(Continued on Page Five.)

Fruit, Candy, Tonics.

Quick Lunch, Bakery and Tobacco.

SAMUEL ORTOLANO,

(Successor to Simeone Bros.)

Leonard Street, Belmont.

BAD COLLISION.

Electricians Meet on Single Track In Arlington.

Motorman Loses a Foot, and Marketman Sustains Injuries—Fog Hides Approaching Cars—Brakes of No Avail.

A head-on collision of two electric cars on the Tufts college and Medford Hillside branch of the Boston Elevated Street Railway company, Wednesday morning, on Medford street, Arlington, near the Medford line cost one man a foot and perhaps his life. The cars were running along on the single track and owing to the dense fog neither motorman was able to see the approaching car. Nicholas Barry, of 109 Third street, East Cambridge, who was driving the Arlington bound car, was the man seriously injured.

The crash came at about ten minutes before seven, when the car bound for Arlington was speeding along on the single track within a few yards of the

HAS RESIGNED.

B. Delmont Locke Is No Longer Town Clerk of Arlington.

Harvey S. Sears Appointed in His Stead—Selectmen Refuse to Accept Mr. Locke's Resignations as Treasurer and Collector of Taxes.

B. Delmont Locke, of Arlington, has resigned as town clerk which position he has held for nearly 28 years. The resignation was accepted Monday evening and Harvey S. Sears was appointed by the Arlington selectmen to serve in that capacity until the annual town meeting in March. Mr. Locke also tendered his resignation as town treasurer and as collector of taxes, but this was not accepted owing to the muddled condition of the town's financial affairs.

The resignation had been in the hands of the selectmen since Saturday and a special meeting of the board was called immediately to discuss the matter. At the meeting Town Counsel W. H. Tuttle was present and he advised the ac-



THE TROLLEY WRECK IN ARLINGTON. —Photographed for the Enterprise by J. H. Stone.

switch. The car for Sullivan square had left the transfer station in the center at the usual time and had but a few passengers. It evidently expected the other car would be waiting below the strip, single track and was hurrying along to give it room. Whoever car really had the right of way may be left for the proper authorities to decide, but certain it is that neither motorman had any doubt but that he was running according to the rule. There is a slight decline at the point where the collision took place, the highest point being towards Arlington Centre. When the cars were but a few feet from each other the two motormen at almost the same moment saw the oncoming car, and both instantly applied the brakes. For some reason, probably because of the frosty condition of the tracks, the brakes seemed to have little or no effect on the speed of the cars, for they approached each other with but a slightly slackened pace, and in another instant they were together.

The impact of the two cars was such that the entire front of the outward-bound car was torn away and Barry was hurled in the debris. He was extricated as soon as possible and was found to be badly hurt. He sustained severe scalp wounds, his left leg was injured, his foot crushed and he also suffered internal injuries. Drs. Stickney and Hooker, of Arlington, were quickly summoned and the injured man was removed to the police station, and later taken to the Massachusetts General hospital. A foot found necessary to amputate the injured foot which was done soon after the arrival.

Conductor Michael Savage, who was on the car with Barry, said, after it was all over, that the instant he heard the motorman's warning cry, he jumped upon the cushions to assist. The he threw himself flat upon it, and in this way escaped much of the shock and possible severe injuries.

The other car was handled by Conductor J. J. O'Connell and Motorman W. H. Gorman. The latter, after applying the brake as hard as he could, jumped just in time to avoid being jammed in the collision. The car which they were on was also smashed in the front end, the fender was broken, the top of the car was partly torn away and glass windows were shattered. The car was known into bits. No one was injured on this car although all were thrown forward by the collision, and were somewhat shaken up.

There were but two or three passengers, all of whom escaped injury except Franklin M. Upham, a brother of E. E. Upham, the Arlington provision dealer. Mr. Upham was reading a paper in the rear end of the car when he heard a scream, and then found himself tumbling over and over on the floor towards the forward end. He did not stop until he reached the front door which was hanging by a corner, and when Mr. Upham picked himself up he found he was not seriously injured, although he had sustained a deep cut on his nose from the broken glass, and had bruises on his left shoulder and side. He hurried out the rear end and assisted the others in extricating the unfortunate motorman from the debris on the front platform. Mr. Upham says that evidently the front door giving way saved the motorman from instant death, but as it was the door, by breaking in, formed a sort of cover for the motorman as he lay pinned in with his left leg securely held by the bits of wood and iron. The ready hands quickly removed the obstructions and pulled Barry out upon the ground. He bled profusely and it was feared he would die before help came, but the fears were found to be groundless.

From interviews with several men who were on the spot almost as soon as the cars met, it would appear that the fog was so dense as to absolutely hide any object more than 100 feet away, and the rails were also declared to be very slippery.

The condition of Motorman Barry at last accounts was favorable, and it is believed he will recover from the shock, although there may be other complications.

tion taken. The meeting was a lengthy one and the selectmen were in session until nearly midnight. The whole situation relative to the finances of the town was debated in its several phases, and the final preparations for the resignation of the town clerk were made. It was thought best not to accept the resignations for treasurer and collector for the present at least, for several reasons. The board did not believe it best to take any step which might give up any of the rights the town may have relative to the financial muddle, and while it is not asserted the acceptance of the resignation would do this, the plan taken was believed to be the wisest. Again, until the affairs have in some way been straightened out, it was thought best to keep Mr. Locke in the office, nominally, at least, even though he may not be able to attend to any of the business personally owing to his health. Then, also, an appointed or an elected treasurer and collector would much prefer to start out with the books in perfect shape, even though made so by action on the part of the town. For all of these reasons and perhaps for others of minor importance the action taken was believed to be the proper one at the present time.

The decision of the board marks only one more chapter in the famous Swan case which has been prominently before the public during the past six months. Roland A. Swan has been in the East Cambridge jail since May 1 last, charged with the embezzlement of \$20,000 or more from the town of Arlington while he was assistant to Mr. Locke.

Since the affair Mr. Locke, who is 75 years of age, has failed rapidly, and for the last few weeks he has been critically ill at his home. Last Saturday, when some improvement was shown in his condition, James P. Parmenter, his counsel, was called in, and in the presence of several witnesses Mr. Locke signed a paper resigning all offices held by him under the town.

In reality he did not sign the document, being unable to use the pen handed him, except to make his mark. This was not surprising for he has hardly been able to sign his name for several weeks, and when he did so his hand shook so badly the signature bore but little resemblance to his fine penmanship of former days.

Harvey S. Sears, the new town clerk, is well known in Arlington, having been a resident of the town for about 12 years, living now on Irving street. During this time he was engaged in business in Boston until appointed clerk of the selectmen about six months ago. This was about three weeks before the sensational Swan episode. Since that time he was considered an assistant to Mr. Locke, and he practically performed the duties of clerk, treasurer, and collector, owing to the feeble condition of Mr. Locke. He is considered a very competent official, and his affable and accommodating manner has won him the support of the townspeople, all of whom seem well pleased with his appointment, and believe he came upon the scene at a very opportune time.

CHADWICK AND FOWLER.

Two very important numbers were omitted in the report, last week, of the entertainment given by Court Pride, of Arlington, F. of A. These two were reserved for special mention, and the pen pusher made an inadvertent omission. Charles B. Chadwick, the well known reader, gave several selections and fairly took the audience by storm. The readings were given in professional style and elicited hearty applause. In no less degree was the singing of John C. Fowler appreciated. Mr. Fowler was a member of the original Fiske Jubilee Singers company, and his baritone selections were of the very best. Well known critics say seldom if ever have there been finer productions in the Arlington town hall.

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N. J. HARDY,

657 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.



THE ENTERPRISE.

Saturday, November 2, 1901.

A CURIOUS LEGAL MUDDLE.

Massachusetts boasts, sometimes, of its judiciary system, but it is not surprising that other states are laughing at us, just now, on account of the conflicting decisions as to what constitutes drunkenness. We cannot be said to have any "system" when different judges of the same court are as far apart as the poles on a simple question. Two men, who have done the same thing, come before different judges, and one is sent to prison while the other is acquitted. And the judges make addresses giving their views of the law, not as a part of their decisions, but for the benefit of the newspaper readers. There seems to be no remedy for this curious condition of affairs. Luckily we don't have an elective judiciary. If we did, the man who was most lenient would win.

FOR RECIPROCAL TRADE.

The friends of reciprocity are active, everywhere, and there is likely to be very heavy support for the national policy outlined by President McKinley. The Citizens' Trade Association, of Cambridge, is at work in behalf of the plan, and a canvasser has secured a good number of signatures of Cambridge citizens to a petition to be sent to Congressman McCall.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Our congratulations to Mr. Hayden. The Somerville Journal is 25 years old, and his success in developing it and making a good newspaper has been very great. May it live and prosper all the rest of the century, and may Mr. Hayden continue to reap from it the rewards he deserves.

Judge Dewey ruled, recently, that if a man bought a bit of food with "a drink" on Sunday the seller didn't violate the law, though the purchase and sale of a sandwich were a fake. A Suffolk county jury convicted a man, last week, of what Judge Dewey said was no offence, and the supreme court will decide what the law is.

The Boston courts should be compelled to publish a schedule of the sittings of their various judges, with their opinions regarding legal (or illegal) drunkenness. Then those who go on sprees could know when Judge Dewey would be on the bench, and would avoid the risk of coming up before Judge Burke.

The Michigan supreme court decides that a person who is injured by defects in a sidewalk upon which he is riding may collect damages. Massachusetts doesn't permit him to recover damages for injuries due to defective streets and roads. Michigan goes too far and Massachusetts not far enough.

And now it is authoritatively announced that water is made pure by freezing. Soon we shall have a society for the prevention of cruelty to microbes, to see that water doesn't get frozen.

Frank Gould, the young millionaire, has had some fine kennels of dogs, some speedy horses, and not content with these is about to take to himself a wife. That's a step upward, and gives hope for him.

President Roosevelt is now a doctor of laws. It was entirely superfluous, so far as his official work is concerned. The laws he signs won't need doctoring.

It is said that water gas is very dangerous. Consumers are injured by the gas and stockholders by the water in the company's securities.

Winter is coming. The Elevated road is getting ready for snow storms, and the stockholders are praying that there may be none.

Three men have been arrested for stealing an automobile boiler. It didn't blow them up, but the judge did.

No; the sym-funny concerts cannot be classed as humorous entertainments.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE.

The blacksmith shop of W. F. Shean, on the first place in the Boston district of the New England Telephone Co., to have an automatic telephone. The apparatus is an ingenious device whereby one may talk anywhere within the Boston district, by simply dropping a nickel in the slot. These telephones are to be placed anywhere upon request, but it is necessary that there be at least 50 calls a month in a business house or shop, or 40 calls in a private residence. It may be used by anyone, but for each call whether to Boston or other place, a nickel is required. The party desiring to telephone must ring up the central operator, ask for the party desired, and then if that party is located, the nickel is placed in the slot which rings a bell and the central operator makes the connection. Persons having an instrument of this kind in their house or place of business can talk to Boston for half the regular rate, but this is equalized because it costs as much to talk within the limits of the local exchange. A similar telephone is to be placed in the store of the Arlington News Co., for the use of W. H. Pattee and others, who wish to drop the nickel. Several others will be soon installed in Arlington, Lexington and Belmont.

FOOTBALL SCORES.

Last week Tuesday the "Arlington Boys' Athletic Club" played the "Addison Athletics," resulting in a score of 24 to 0, in favor of the A. B. A. C. The players were:

A. B. A. C. A. A. C.

P. Merritt, E. B. ... f. b. W. Lunt
C. Holt, F. H. B. ... i. h. b. H. Reed
P. Gee, M. G. R. ... i. h. b. A. Duffy
E. Roden, C. B. ... q. b. H. Veit, Cap.
H. Bacon, C. ... c. N. Foster
C. Gott, Cap. ... l. e. F. Hemenway
C. Dunn, R. E. ... t. G. F. Taylor
W. Bacon, I. T. ... t. J. Fitzpatrick
J. Quinn, R. ... t. G. Porter
G. Swamp, I. ... t. E. C. Hall
W. Cranman, F. ... t. F. T. Hicks

Holt won great applause by making three touchdowns. Bates and Smith, of the A. H. S. team, were the referees, and that insured, for the most part, fair playing. Neither side scored during the first 20 minute half.

Alexander Beaton is just completing a double tenement house for Annie E. McLeelan. Robert Ryndel did the mason work. J. E. Wallace did the painting and Andrew Bain the plumbing.

THE FAREWELL WORD.

Simple Talk Better than Fourth of July Orations.

Whiteface, N. H., Oct. 23, 1901.

Dear Enterprise: We must tell you now that we are on the point of our leave-taking of these delectable mountains. How much we have enjoyed your letter-writing for your columns during the season here. In the first place we have had your readers right by our side and face to face in our familiar talks about them. And then we have been made to believe that the Enterprise has been an attentive listener to what we have had to say, and this fact, if it be a fact, has been the most interesting feature to us of our work. It is always an inspiration to talk when you have the individual attention of the listener. Well, talking is an art whenever it conforms to nature. To say things in a simple, natural way is one of the latest gifts. Letter-writing uniformly gives one the right, not to preach and write learned essays in a cold, formal way, but to simply talk, and to talk is the only way to successfully get at your audience. We have come to believe that all public discourse, whether from the platform or through the pen, is partially at least a failure, that does not have about it and in it the conversational way of expressing itself. John Burroughs gets near to his readers simply because he talks to them, and so does Henry Van Dyke as seen in his "Fisherman's Luck" and in "Little Rivers." Everybody reads Thoreau with delight because he is entirely conversational in what he has to say. Who is not charmed with the letters of Cecilia Thaxter, written in so simple and delightful a way? The singularly drawing feature of Bayard Taylor's public speaking was found in the fact that he always talked to his audience. Now, why can't we minister the lawyer, and the newspaper man adopt this natural and better method of expression? Why must the most of us be forever declaiming, or preaching in sepulchral tones? A simple talk is far more effective than the spread-eagle Fourth-of-July oration. That minister who says the simplest things in the simplest way to his hearers will never want for an audience, and that journalist who has something to say and will say it as he would tell it, will have his paper read. What we have to do, is to get down from our stilts and walk the solid earth. Yes, letter-writing is the conversational way of expressing one's self. When we say "Dear Enterprise," we let loose all of our rhetoric, and happily forget all the formal rules of epistolary correspondence. You see, that in such correspondence we get so near to the friend addressed, that we may pour our own life into that of the friend and that we may convey his own life into that of the friend. The Apostle Paul did much of his most effective preaching through the medium of letter writing. "Behold," he says, "what a long letter I have written unto you with mine own hand." And then again he says, "And I wrote this same unto you." And once more, he writes, "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts." And then the Master how frequently he speaks unto them in parables. "And he spoke unto them in parables." And then referring to Paul again with what interest one reads his letters to Timothy! Greatly desiring to see thee, I have been mindful of thy tears, that I may be filled with joy." And so we repeat that our weekly letters to the Enterprise from the heights have given us a peculiar pleasure in our journalistic work. In spite of our 125 miles from the readers of the Enterprise we have felt ourselves all the while within hand's reach of them, and this because we have been talking to them. We are determined to keep up our talk when we find ourselves home again at our desk in the Enterprise office. So please give us an attentive ear. Here is our good-bye to the mountains, and our right hand and greeting to the readers of the Enterprise.

Wilson Palmer.

OLD PAPERS FOUND.

Postmaster L. A. Saville, of Lexington, for many years town clerk, recently discovered among some papers a statement of the amounts of money granted to defray the expenses of the town for 1864-65. The document, which is signed by A. W. Bryant, town clerk, calls for \$19,367. Of this amount \$1300 was for the families of volunteers, \$200 for bounties to volunteers, and \$3137 to be returned to the subscribers to the fund used to keep the town's volunteer quota full. This left less than \$13,000 for the ordinary running expenses of the town, which makes a meagre comparison with the \$36,000 voted at the town meeting of 1901. In 1864 the town appropriated for schools, \$4000; 1865, \$2,300; highways, 1864, \$1600; 1865, \$5800. Such usual expenses as police, street lights, water works and various other large expenses did not appear in the list. The population of the town in 1865 was 2210; in 1900, 3831. In the 35 years the population considerably less than doubled, yet the expenses are nearly eight times as much. This does not take into account \$10,000 for the extension of the water works, and \$57,500 for a new high school building, voted since the annual meeting of 1901.

Editor Enterprise: In your last week's issue that was a delightful column on the busy life of our much esteemed townsman, Mr. Joshua G. Dodge, and his friends all greatly enjoyed its reading. The picture accompanying the story so well told of Mr. Dodge, is an admirable one, representing Mr. Dodge as he now is, with his eighty-eight years resting so lightly upon him, and reflecting much credit on the artists. Mr. Dodge and Mr. Dodge has all that ease and elegance of manner which were so characteristic of the gentlemen of the old time, and he is now one of the most delightful men to meet. So much do we prize the well written story of his life and the attractive face accompanying it, that we already have the story and picture in our scrap-book.

Oct. 24, 1901. X. X. X.

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Arlington, Mass.
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Oct 17

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ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, ETC.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Pelce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.

Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blaisdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge.
Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday eve. or before the full moon.

MENOTOMY ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12.
Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

IDA F. BUTLER REBEKAH LODGE, No. 152.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 35.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division 23.
Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

DIVISION 43.

Meets first Tuesday in each month, at K. of C. hall.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.

Court Pride of Arlington.
Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.

MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

St. Malachi Court.
Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; during the month of August.

Arlington Heights Branch.

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours.

9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman.

Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.

(Unitarian.)
Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor.

BOARD OF MAPLE STREET.

Church, Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue. Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 28 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship, sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Services in Union hall. Sunday school, 11 a.m.; Epworth league, 6.30; preaching, 7 p.m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence, 10 Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.

Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Flater, pastor. Gray street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.

Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

(Orthodox Congregational.)

Corner Park and Wollaston avenues. Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon at 3.15; Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.30, prayer meeting.

ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.

Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Medford street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 8.30 p.m.

ARLINGTON LINE BIBLE SCHOOL.

Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Tannery Street.
Services—Every Sunday afternoon at 3.30; preaching at 7.30 Sunday evenings; Thursday evening meeting at 7.45.

ARLINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

14—Jason St.
15—Cor. Henderson and Sawin Sts.
16—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Medford St.
17—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Lake St.
18—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Linwood St.
19—Lake St., opp. D. Wyman's house.
20—Union St., opp. Fremont.
21—No School.
22—Junction Broadway and Warren St.
23—Beacon St., near Warren.
24—On Wm. Penn. Hose House.
25—Cor. Medford St. and Lewis Ave.
26—Cor. Mystic and Summer Sts.
27—Mystic St., near Fairview Ave.
28—Pleasant, near Lake St.
29—Cor. Pleasant and Gray Sts.
30—Wellington and Addison Sts.
31—On Tower Hill, Police Station.
32—Russell St., cor. Russell Terrace.
33—Academy St., near Maple.
34—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Mill St.
35—Mass. Ave. near Schuler Court.
36—Cor. Summer and Grove Sts.
37—On Highland Hose House.
38—Brattle St., near Dudley.
39—Junc. of Mass. Ave. and Forest St.
40—Forest St.
41—Brackett Chemical Engine House.
42—Cor. Florence and Hillside Ave.

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BELMONT AND WAVERLEY CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH,
Belmont.
Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Belmont.
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.
ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,
Belmont.
Morning services at 8.30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3.30; vespers, 7.30.
ALL SAINTS' CHURCH,
(Episcopal), Belmont.
Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11. Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 7 p.m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 2.45 p.m.; evening service, 7.45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Waverley.
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, 6.15 p.m.; evening service, 7.15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Waverley Council, No. 313.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.
Trapelo Lodge, No. 238.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,
Belmont Lodge.
Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

BELMONT FIRE ALARM.
2. No School.
3. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.
4. Cor. School and Goden Sts.
5. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.
6. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.
7. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. A. Atkins).
8. Hose House.
9. Cor. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.
10. Prospect St.
11. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.
12. Cross St.
13. Brighton St. near Hill's Crossing depot.
14. Cor. Common and North Sts.
15. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.
16. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.
17. Cor. School and Washington Sts.
18. Grove St.
19. Town Farm.
20. Waverley St.
21. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.
22. Cor. Church and North Sts.
23. White and Maple Sts.
24. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall.
25. Trapelo road, Agassiz St.
26. Spring lane.
27. School St., near Hittinger.
One blow for test, at 6.55 a.m., 4.55 p.m.
Two blows when fire is all out.
D. S. McCABE, Chief.
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THE HOME GOLD CURE.
An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS!!
CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS!!
This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they did not wait. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effective than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 680 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

TRY GROSSMITH'S Eau de Quinice Hair Tonic.
Sure cure for dandruff and falling hair. Keeps the hair moist.

C. W. GROSSMITH,
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CHOICE MEATS, FRESH VEGETABLES, CREAMY BUTTER, FRUITS.

12 Pleasant Street, Arlington.

HONOR TO ROOSEVELT.

No Color Line, No Sectional Prejudice, Individual Merit the Only Standard.

It seems to be an impossibility for any humanly endowed being so to act that all portions of our country shall be united, all sections united, all sects harmonious. Lincoln tried to secure this condition, and he fell by the hands of a representative of the people whom he was trying to befuddle. McKinley followed in the same path, and met the same fate, and now political space is resonant with the mutterings of the gathering thunders, voicing the problem, is Roosevelt to swell the list of martyrs to the cause of unity?

President Roosevelt, owing no political debts, having no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, an American in every drop of his blood, a patriot in every throb of his heart, and honest to the core, succeeded his loved predecessor at a crisis in our political life. The rancor of the strife against the spirit of sectionalism and dominion had not entirely died out, and we are renewed by the same spirit in another form—racial antagonism—a spirit whose magnitude cannot be exaggerated by any simple direct or approximate. It needs no mountainous, political acumen, or gigantic mental sagacity to see this pending condition, indicated in every negro lynching, in every spirit still lingering, which constitute them. This is light of the fact that such deadly horrors have only found enactment in states wherein slavery once had sovereign sway, and wherein, in spirit, still lingers, a haunting, unquiet spirit which will not rest in the grave to which, by the decree of events, it has been consigned. This story is written on the face of each of these features of incident and strikes clear each line of the records. The white owners of slavery days will not recognize the manhood of the man whom once they bought and sold as cattle.

President Roosevelt, strong in his love of country, devoted to her truth and honor, and pledged to purity in executive administration, knowing no sectional divisions, owning no racial distinctions, and scorning every partisan reaction, looked to the south and from the ranks of the men who have ever been arrayed against the principles to which he is devoted, selected one to fill an honorable position, one high in the public eye, and was the incarnation of sublimated intelligence. But when, in pursuance of this independence of thought and action, he invited to his table as a man and not as a colored man, a high official, the light of the sun was darkened, the day departed and night shut out the glorious fullness. "How are the mighty fallen!" Because he selected from among Alabama Democrats a high official, he was just, he was great! But because he dared to ignore the still active antagonism of the old slave power and give his hand to a man, guilty only of a black rebellion, he has forfeited all claims to respect, all rights to the consideration of themselves and men of their color and belief. One who keeps in touch with the march of events and mindful of what is transpiring, must needs be impressed with one single conclusion, namely, "How vast is that inconsistency which, in America, whose boast is freedom and equality, condemns as servile and unfit ever for citizenship, a race which has in many ways and at various times asserted its right to equal respect, while, through the rancor of political animosity, it raises to the honor of a nation a race vastly inferior in every element that constitutes social worth."

In other words, the negro of America, with the well improved advantages he has enjoyed, and mingling with his white rank as a self-ruler, while for the Malay of the Philippines, goes up the howl from the south and all sympathizers, that these barbarians have forfeited all claims to respect, all rights to the consideration of themselves and men of their color and belief. One who keeps in touch with the march of events and mindful of what is transpiring, must needs be impressed with one single conclusion, namely, "How vast is that inconsistency which, in America, whose boast is freedom and equality, condemns as servile and unfit ever for citizenship, a race which has in many ways and at various times asserted its right to equal respect, while, through the rancor of political animosity, it raises to the honor of a nation a race vastly inferior in every element that constitutes social worth."

As for myself, I have only this to say of the colored race and I demand that all who shall follow in the footsteps of the men, who, when the country was in peril, and to quote the significant words of Secretary Seward, "stretched forth her arms to Ethiopia," sprang into line and saved their manhood, and their country, should be recognized as such, and that the recognition they deserve. He, whether black or white, who stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the battle line, is today as my friend and comrade, and to my respect, I recall the "slaughter pen" at Port Hudson, where the colored regiments, at their end of the battle line, did such magnificent fighting that it made the resistance of the enemy easier to face. They left nearly one-half their number dead on the enemy's works, a condition that was paralleled at Fort Fisher, at Fort Fisher, at Fort Wagner and elsewhere. But, of course, they are to be expected that the men they fought in '62, '63 and '64 will admire them for it today. I have, when speaking of the valor of the colored troops during the Civil war, been met with the sneering reply, "Oh, that was frenzy!" well, it was frenzy in the right direction, for it might have been "panic," similar to that shown by many white-faced soldiers on several occasions now known to history.

This logic of the southern Democrat, endorsed by the Democracy of all times, which under the constitution, during the old regime, made a slave three-fifths of a man, and today, in the new regime, makes the rest of the year, is finding voice in the proscription of today and must be stamped out finally and entirely before Grand prayer, "Let us have peace," can be answered and realized. Manhood which is the only true title to citizenship, is of no one shade of color, or grade of sect, and he is no honorable man who would withhold it from one who serves it. The southern Democrat, who, "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, every-one's howling and barking at Roosevelt's traitor, declaring 'this is a white man's country' are forgetful of facts, past and present, and their expression might be modified. For, as a matter of fact, this is a red man's country, for from the red man we took it by force of numbers, certainly not by right, and should go very slowly in putting up any such claim, lest some individual with a good memory and an uncompromising knowledge of history should make the pertinent inquiry, "How do you know?" And it is but poor morality to accept the aid of a claim when in need, and after the danger is past, repudiate and insult them. In this day of prosperity we should remember the timely aid of the colored soldiers who dared and died like heroes, and give him the same meed of praise and honor, which is his due as a man, irrespective of color or social condition. No color line, no sectional prejudice, no division of creed, or sect, but only merit and loyalty, in our judgment of men. Such, and such only, should be our rule of action, social and political, for only such are keeping with the spirit of our institutions.

William H. Iliffe, of Watertown, is building for Jas. H. Reid, of Arlington, a single dwelling house of ten rooms on Massachusetts avenue. The dimensions are 32x42 feet, two stories, shingled roof, finished in oak and white wood, with open plumbing, steam heat and one fireplace.

TESTED IN A RIGID MANNER.

Chronometers of Ships Must Be Beyond Possibility of Error.

There is a popular belief that chronometers, those delicate pieces of mechanism which enable the mariner to tell to a nicety where he is upon the ocean, are made only in England. One will be told even in Maiden lane, New York, that England is chronometer maker for the world. This was true at one time, but now, according to shipmasters, America turns out excellent chronometers.

Many of the instruments in use in the United States are of American make. These chronometers are purchased on trial. The delicate instrument is subjected to extremes of temperature by means of which its variations are ascertained. No instrument leaves the maker's hands until it has been thoroughly tested or before it is three years old. In this period there is ample opportunity for developing its peculiarities. When it is understood that an error of four seconds on the part of the chronometer will put a skipper a mile out of his course, the necessity of the most careful and thorough test is apparent.

Even when an instrument has been tested to the satisfaction of the experts and has been finally adjusted only a skillful man can be allowed to carry it into the workshop to the ship. One firm alone has a dozen of these carriers constantly employed. They are not, of course, dealing all the time in new chronometers; there are from 400 to 500 always in stock from ships arriving in this port from all parts of the world. As soon as a ship comes into port its chronometer is usually sent ashore for rating—that is to say, it is carefully observed until the ship is ready to sail, when the variation is reported to the captain, who can make his calculations accordingly.

The chronometers of the transatlantic liners are sent ashore for rating every time they come into port. The greatest care is taken of chronometers on board ship, and on all first class ships there are usually three, one being for deck observation. The most perfect one of the lot is usually placed in a dry but well ventilated apartment amidsthips, where there is fear of dampness, wrapped in a heavy woolen blanket. On the government vessels the chronometer is placed in a case lined and padded with curled hair, which keeps it from being marred. The smallest speck of rust on the balance spring might cause a chronometer to lose its accuracy. A first class chronometer costs \$250, and one of the same grade capable of telegraphing its own time sells at \$450. —New York Post.

THE QUEER CHINAMAN.

His left hand is the place of honor.

He carries a pig instead of driving him. He whittens instead of blackens his shoes.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

He says sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

He keeps out of step in walking with others.

He shakes his own hands instead of his friend's.

He puts on his hat in salutation when we take it off.

He prefers a wooden rather than a feather pillow.

He rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups.

He deems it polite to ask a casual caller's age and income.

His long nails are not a sign of dirtiness, but respectability.

His visiting card is eight and sometimes thirty inches long.

He often throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

His merits often bring a title not to himself, but to his ancestors.

His women folk are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns.

A Chinaman's given name comes after, not before, "his honored family name."

His compass points south, and he speaks of westnorth instead of north-west.

He does not consider it clumsy, but courteous, to take both hands to offer a cup of tea.

He feels it unmannerly to look a superior in the face and takes off his spectacles in his presence.

He laughs to deceive evil spirits on receiving bad news, and his daughters loudly lament on the eve of their weddings.

Bandages and Red Tape.

During the South African war Rudyard Kipling discovered at Cape Town a hospital without bandages and in desperate need of them. This, too, was in a city where bandages were for sale in many shops.

He told an acquaintance that he was going to meet that want, and the gentleman at once offered to pay for all the bandages that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital.

A cart was quickly loaded, and then the author was informed that under army rules the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual.

"Well," said he, "I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. Perhaps they can get them into the building in that way without tearing any red tape."

He drove off with the bandages, and the supplies were somehow smuggled into the hospital.

The Aurora Borealis.

Whatever may be the cause of the aurora borealis its height does not appear to be limited by the atmosphere. The rays sometimes touch the earth in Scandinavia, coming between the observer and elevated places, but Fogel years ago obtained data showing that a large aurora seen in northern Germany must have had a height of sixty miles and that the rays often rise to 450 miles, their points glowing with red light.

Graffiti and Lime.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bedrock of the world and shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is the parent rock from which all the other rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.

It is claimed by scientists that all the lime in the world has at some time no doubt been a portion of many different animals and possibly of human beings also.

The ancient inks closely resembled black paint, and on account of the large quantity of gum employed in their composition the letters stood up in relief on the parchments as though embossed.

MONEY AND BEESWAX.

Where They Are Produced and Where Much Beeswax Goes.

Keeping bees is a pleasant and classic occupation, sanctioned by poets in all ages; moreover, and to the practical modern it is far more important, it is a paying business when scientifically conducted. The number of beekeepers in this country is estimated at about 300,000, and they sell annually some 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 pounds of their sweet produce. In every state of the Union they may be found, but Florida, Texas, California, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Michigan, Wisconsin and central and northern New York are the great beekeeping sections. Wherever great quantities of basswood, buckwheat and, of course, clover, are found, there beekeeping means a pretty good income. Some bee farmers have 1,500 to 3,000 colonies under their care and have reduced the business to a pretty exact science.

In Colorado, Arizona and states in the neighborhood of the great desert the honey "crop" is as sure as anything can well be, even the proverbial "death and taxes." Elsewhere the clover crop may be ruined by rain or drought, but there the sun is sure to shine and the canals are sure to irrigate, so that the lack of clover is practically impossible. And it is alfalfa clover, too, of which four crops are certain every year. Under these conditions it is not surprising to find in Arizona and similar states whole counties keeping bees as in other parts of the country people cultivate farms. It is, in fact, the only certain thing in that ill-favored land, as the alfalfa clover is the one green thing that can coax a livelihood out of inhospitable soil.

Mactierlinck has written a book about the bee. Perhaps some philosopher will one day arise to sing the praises of the clover, living where nothing else can grow, and alone of all "weeds," enriching the soil which gives it life. Arizona folk may not be philosophers, but they are properly grateful to the kindly blossom.

If the story of the clover is somewhat romantic, that of the beeswax is hardly less so. Several hundred thousand pounds of beeswax are produced every year, and prices are steady and conservative. Much of it goes into common-place uses. Shoemakers, dentists, thread manufacturers and the like use much of it and cannot use anything in its place; glassworkers, too, require it for molding purposes, and the interesting part of the beeswax business comes when it is exported to Russia. The Greek church uses nothing but pure beeswax for its candles. This, apparently, is an ecclesiastical law. So beeswax is exported in enormous quantities to burn in Russian churches. When the price is low, all that can be procured is bought up for exportation. It is distinctly an interesting career, this of the beeswax, beginning with the irrigation of the desert and ending as the candles flicker before an eastern shrine. —New York Tribune.

PATTI'S GIFT.

Hidden In a Basket of Flowers She Found a Tiny Dog.

During one of the most admirable performances that Donizetti's opera ever received in this country an incident occurred that lent momentous interest to Patti's appearance.

Mme. Diaz, wife of the president of Mexico, had heard of the death of Patti's pet dog Ricci and had sent her another, which was to be presented to the diva in a novel way. The tiny animal was buried in a basket of roses, but an usher discovered it and the manager refused permission.

At the next act, however, Mr. Abbey relented and allowed the usher to convey the gift. The basket in which the dog was hidden was a triumph of floral art, and Mme. Patti, attracted by the beauty of its design and the gorgeous bloom of its roses, chose to carry it personally off the stage.

As she lifted the basket and kissed its flowers the little dog, which was badly frightened by the experience it had had, gave a feeble cry. The diva started, looked curiously into the mass of flowers, gave a purely feminine scream of delight, and, running down to the footlights, whispered gleefully to the audience, "I declare if it isn't a lovely little dog!"

No one who has not been at a Patti performance can realize the enthusiastic volume of applause that greeted this announcement. Men jumped up on the chairs and yelled "Brava, brava, Patti!" and women waved their fans and handkerchiefs and cried hysterically. Suddenly Patti dived her curly head into the basket and kissed the dog, whereat a fresh storm of cheers rang through the house. Then she tried to extract the little animal from the flowers, so that she could show him to the audience. But he was tied in securely with ribbons.

Whereupon she said in dumb but eloquent pantomime, "I can't get him out." Finally, as the applause showed no signs of abatement, she ran off the stage, gave the dog and his basket to an attendant, came tripping back and whispered, "Home, Sweet Home" to Signor Arditi, and the ballad was sung as only Patti can sing it.

There were tears in her eyes as she finished, and many a man in the auditorium choked down a sob and many a woman wept silently as the pathetic strains of the old song floated in mournful cadence through the auditorium.

Managing a College.

As for the actual management of a university's business, it is conducted much like that of a town or city. At the beginning of the year the probable income is estimated. After about 20 per cent is deducted for the expenses of the business department the balance is divided among the different educational departments much in the same way that a board of apportionment does in the case of a city. The modern institution of "higher education" therefore carries on in many instances the business of a real estate office, a collection agency, a bank and a hotel and employs usually a staff of over 100 men.—Harper's Weekly.

Comparisons.

Mrs. Selmond-Holme—My husband is one of the most disputatious mortals alive. I can hardly ever make a statement without his "begging leave to differ."

Mrs. Jenner-Lee Ondo—Your husband is an angel. Mine always differs without begging leave.—Chicago Tribune.

Placating Mrs. M.

Mrs. Mann—Oh, yes, I suppose I'm a disagreeable thing. No doubt you are sorry you ever saw me.

Mr. Mann—I won't go so far as that. I only wish when I did see you I had taken a better look at you.—Boston Transcript.

HAD TO HAVE THE MODEL.

How a New York Artist Managed to Secure Suitable Apartments.

An agent for a large apartment hotel on West Thirtieth street, near Fifth avenue, was approached the other day in his office by a young man who desired to look at an apartment with a view to leasing it. The agent and the stranger spent an hour or more in the building, and finally the young man agreed that the suit on the very top floor was just what he wanted. The terms were agreed upon, and the prospective tenant was to occupy them on the Monday following.

"I'm an artist," he told the agent, "and that is why I like the top floor. There is plenty of light."

The agent concurred. "Now, one very important thing I had forgotten," he went on. "There is a young lady who will visit me for several hours every day. She poses for me. Would there be any objection?"

"There must certainly be," answered the agent. "In the first place, I couldn't rent the apartment to you under those conditions, and in the second place I know the other tenants would object."

The artist tried to explain that all artists had to have models, but the agent would not consent that the models could pose in the house for which he was responsible.

"I'm sorry," said the artist finally, "for I never expect to find a more suitable building for a studio."

"I'm sorry too," responded the agent. Then the two men parted.

The next day found the artist again in the agent's office. In company with him was a beautiful young woman who looked radiantly happy, and the redolence of orange blossoms seemed to permeate the room.

"Well," began the young man as soon as the agent appeared. "I've fixed it so it will be all right and so the other tenants can't object. This is the young lady I spoke to you about yesterday. She is my model—that is, she was yesterday. Now she's both my model and my wife."

"You see," he continued, "I liked the apartment, and I explained to Miss—I mean Mrs.—that I couldn't lease it while she posed for me."

"We talked of severing our business relations and found that we had loved each other for a long time. We were married at the Little Church Around the Corner last night. If you have any doubts, I have taken pains to bring my marriage certificate with me." And he produced the manuscript.

"Now, if you have any contracts to sign I'm ready."

"But how do you and your wife expect to live in that apartment? We do not allow cooking in it," protested the agent.

The astonished bridegroom and the surprised bride looked at each other in amazement.

That was a quandary they had not anticipated.

"Well," said the agent, "seeing that you like that apartment so well and that it has brought about your marriage I'll compromise on a chafing dish. But, remember, no gas or oil stoves."

"What do you think about the proposition?" asked the husband.

"Why, it makes no difference to me," she replied. "I'm supposed to pose, not cook."

"Oh, that's so," said the husband. "I agree to do the cooking. Oh, yes, I can use a chafing dish."

The lease was then signed.—New York Times.

DRESS HINTS.

Brown eyes and a brown dress go well together.

The tan shades are not often suitable for slim figures.

Black satin intensifies the effect of round shoulders.

Blue eyed girls should wear blue as often as possible.

A small toque is excessively unbecoming above a large round face.

The color of the eyes should determine the choice of the dress and millinery.

A little woman with a thin face may fancy herself in a Gainsborough hat, but she is very wrong—very wrong.

Stripes narrower than an inch wide tend to make one look slim; wider than an inch they increase one's breadth.

Dull black is the best choice for a fair haired woman, while a brunette must order something brilliantly black if she really wishes to look her best.

A blond may wear pure white with advantage, but a brunette nearly always looks better in cream colored fabrics. This ought to be more generally recognized.

Tucks and stripes running downward become the Juno type of woman, but the thin, angular beauty should have the stripes and tucks running around her dress, and she will be surprised to find how much her appearance will be improved.

Antiquity of Fishing.

Probably no branch of industry can lay claim to greater antiquity than that of fishing. Its origin would seem to be coeval with the earliest efforts of human ingenuity, for the oldest monuments of antiquity show the fisherman in full possession of the implements of his calling, and even those tribes of savages which have learned neither to keep flocks nor to till the fields are skilled in the fabrication of the hook, the fish spear and the net. The earliest civilization of the eastern Mediterranean was begun with fishing. Sidon, which means "fishery," was originally a fishing village, and its enterprising inhabitants devoted their attention mainly to the collection of a certain kind of mollusks, from which they prepared the famous Tyrian purple, prized more highly for the richness and variety of its hues than any other dye known to the ancients.

For a Bruise.

If the skin is not badly broken, hold the injured part in water as hot as you can bear it for a few minutes, then apply balm on a piece of soft cotton wool and cover with oiled silk. Damp the cotton wool often with the balm, and the bruise will heal in a wonderfully short time.

Strife and Deception.

"Life is nearly all strife and deception," said the mournful man.

"That's true," answered Mr. Flatton. "When you aren't making a futile attempt to coerce the cook, you've got to be jollying the janitor."—Washington Star.

At the Church Door.

"Are you one of the wedding party?" asked Mr. Fresh, the usher.

"Only the groom. Don't mind me," replied the prospective victim.—Baltimore World.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

THE GIFT THAT A JUDGE GAVE TO A SORROWING MOTHER.

A Story of the Famous Recorder, Frederick Smyth, Who, on the Criminal Bench of New York City, Was a Terror to the Evil-doers.

Few men were better known to New Yorkers than Frederick Smyth, who when recorder was the terror of evil-doers, sometimes thought severe in his penalties, but cautious and just in his decisions. The seeming stern side of his nature was turned outward, but friends who knew him well knew also that there was a soft side, and in social life and at his office he loved a joke, could give and take and was always fond of reciting events in which he and John McKeon, his law partner, were actors. "Did you see an old Irish woman waiting as you came in?" he asked one day of the writer. "She is as steady a visitor as an ardent client.

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, November 2, 1901.

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DON'T FORGET.

Don't forget that the Enterprise is to be crammed full of news during the coming winter. We, every man of us, are determined that nothing worth recording shall escape our notice. The Enterprise reporters are always on the move. So don't fail to read the Enterprise, that you may know beyond a question "where you are at."

ARLINGTON POSTOFFICE.

Arlington postoffice, under the management of Postmaster Holt, is well to the front. Mr. Holt has left nothing undone for the convenience of this immediate public, in all matters relating to its postal service. The office itself is neatly and conveniently arranged, while its employees are, every man of them, both courteous and obliging. The office is now sending out five letter carriers, all of whom pull your door bell with a cheerful good morning, while they deliver your mail. Arlington is to be congratulated upon its well arranged postal service.

HOME AGAIN.

Here we are at home again, and at our desk. To fully appreciate home, one needs to absent himself from it more or less frequently. To see what other people are doing, always begets inspiration. That individual who insists on measuring himself by himself is bound to fall short in both weight and measure. The moment a man steps out into the great big world, he becomes profoundly impressed with the fact that he "doesn't know it all." To get bumped up against your fellow is to get oftentimes pushed to the wall, and just this experience is what many a man needs. He is extremely unfortunate who has become such a stay-at-home, that he is made to believe that his horizon is the end of all terrestrial things. There are others in this world aside from "us and our folks," and the sooner we come to recognize this fact, the better will it be for all concerned. To get at your real size, push out from home where you will be likely to find some who are at least your equal. "I own the town" has made a fool of more than one man. It pays to go away if for no other reason than that you may come back again, and then it is so delightful to hear one say, "I am glad to see you back again." Well, we are here to stay.

COURT PRIDE OF ARLINGTON.

Court Pride of Arlington, an organization for benevolent and charitable purposes among its members, is well deserving of the object it has in view. To mutually aid and encourage one another in the varied duties of life is the highest exemplification of that Christianity which tells not only for the good of the individual, but for the good of the entire public. In last week's Enterprise there was an account of the delightful evening enjoyed by the court and its friends. The social feature of the organization was made prominent at the recent entertainment, and herein is found one of the chief attractions of the Foresters. It is always worth the while to get out of one's individual life into the life of another. And this is just what this brotherhood proposes to do. Its members become interested in a practical way in one another. They recognize the scriptural saying that "no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." We are all, or should be, a vital part of each other. Court Pride of Arlington commends itself to all Arlington. It is another expression of that humane feeling which establishes the brotherhood of man. The Enterprise extends to this newly organized body its best wishes, and the more especially since the order of Foresters, in keeping with the Enterprise, stands for "No race, creed or party."

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION, ETC."

The Arlington school board and the board of health wisely and practically believe in the old saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." And so it is that a medical inspector of schools was appointed on Jan. 1, of the present year. This inspector, Dr. Young, visits each school each morning, and earns from the principal of the school if there are any pupils in the building who show the slightest indication of illness. There are such, the inspector at once gives the pupil or pupils in the principal's office and examines the case, when, there are indications of illness, the pupil is sent home and cared for until it shall be made known if he is really ill or not. The teachers of the individual rooms report each day to the principal if there are children who require the inspector's attention, and then the principal reports to the inspector.

Henry Mitchell, M. D., chairman of the committee on school hygiene, Trenton, New Jersey, says that "the great advantage arising from the visits of the medical inspector of schools is the early discovery of symptoms of infectious disease among the children. Such early discovery and the prompt measures thereupon taken, have resulted in putting a stop to epidemics that could easily have become through neglect widespread and disastrous."

School Supt. Sutcliffe says that Medical Inspector Young is giving the Arlington schools daily and faithful service. The town of Arlington will not fail to appreciate the timely care of the school children.

A RAILROAD CENTRE.

All that is wanting now to make Arlington the complete centre of a railroad circuit is the much-talked-of electric road to Belmont. That the electric road is soon to connect Arlington and Bel-

mont is a well settled fact. In these later times of growing business activities there is and must be a coming together of the outlying localities. As communities, we must come in literal touch of each other if we would make the most of life. Isolation means death. We must breathe upon and be breathed upon in order to live an intense life. Now as it is sure to come to pass that the welcome shout, "All aboard for Belmont," will soon be heard in Arlington. It has already become a question of no little interest to the people of the one town what line the electric road is to take to reach the other neighboring community. It must not be forgotten that the proposed road is sure to be built at an early day, and it logically follows that some route must be secured. We naturally sympathize with those residing on Pleasant street in the earnest desire that the restful quiet and picturesque of Pleasant street shall not be disturbed by the electric—and yet, we recognize that Pleasant street affords the more direct line in reaching Belmont. Still we believe in preserving intact, so far as this can be done without detriment to the public interest, all the more prominent features of attraction either in country or town. But the electric road is bound to materialize, and all will welcome its coming, so we come back to the original query, what line shall it take? Who of the residents of Pleasant street will suggest a possible route? The prominent citizens of the two towns who have their homes on the most delightful street should be the first to suggest and urge the better line to connect the two localities, and this suggestion should be made at an early day, and made in a public way. There can no good result come from any opposition to the proposed electric, for in the very nature of things it must and should come. Now let Pleasant street speak out in open meeting, and tell this immediate public what line the Arlington and Belmont electric road should take—for it is decreed that the electrical spark is to light and shorten the distance between Arlington and Belmont.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO YALE.

Rev. S. C. Bushnell, of Arlington, with all the enthusiasm of the bi-centennial upon him, paid his alma mater on Sunday morning a glowing and loving tribute. Mr. Bushnell took for his text the following words: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it." In part, Mr. Bushnell spoke as follows: "I had no idea when I went to the Yale bi-centennial last week that I should talk to you about it this morning. Nor do I propose to speak about the glory of Yale. There are other institutions of learning as dear to you as Yale is to me. We rejoice in all such institutions. Their value to the country is beyond estimation. But no one could attend such a meeting without having his heart stirred and his mind quickened by what he saw and heard. The coming and going of distinguished guests, to say nothing of the thousands of the alumni, who found time in the midst of their busy lives to gather for three days beneath the shadow of one of the oldest institutions of the land. The giving of honorary degrees to men who had traveled from Japan on the west, and from St. Petersburg and Berlin, Leipzig, Paris, Oxford and Aberdeen on the east; the awarding of these degrees for distinguished and unselfish service of all sorts and kinds, emphasized the thought of the orator, Justice Brewer of the supreme court of the United States, that the supreme object of the college is to train men for public service. . . . No finer testimony was borne to this fact of public service by Yale men than by President Roosevelt, a graduate of Harvard, who said, amid thunders of applause, 'I have never worked at a task worth doing that I have not found myself shoulder to shoulder with sons of Yale. I have never yet been in any struggle for righteousness or decency that Yale men have not been on hand to give me strength and courage.'" The underlying thought of Mr. Bushnell's Sunday morning discourse was that man only gains and makes sure of his life by losing or giving it to the service of the individual and the state. By way of parenthesis, Mr. Bushnell said: "We had a glorious time together, meeting scores of friends whom we had given up all idea of ever seeing again. Half of the living graduates of the college were there. Yet from first to last one idea was uppermost, namely, recognition of services rendered. The great names of Yale's history were starred. We listened to their praises for three days. One orator remarked that if we were charged with being overfond and prejudiced in favor of our great men we would plead 'guilty' but stand unrepentant." Mr. Bushnell had especially an attentive and interested audience, and he preached with an inspiration begotten of his alma mater. The Yale bi-centennial will go down as the most brilliant event in the history of the college.

That apple blossom plucked in the latter days of October from an Arlington apple tree brings the summer again to our editorial table. Its beauty all blushing and fragrant is only less than that of the fair young lady who brought it us.

SILAS PEABODY.

Silas Peabody, who died at his home in Wakefield, on Friday, Oct. 8, was for several years, from 1862 to 1871, principal of what was then the High street grammar school of Arlington. It is the uniform testimony of those who were his pupils, that he was a man much respected and loved by all who knew him. He got very near to his pupils through the personal interest he ever had in their welfare. In the school report of the town of Arlington, for 1873, the following is written of Mr. Peabody: "A high street grammar has been favored still with the successful instructions and management of Mr. Peabody. His course, which had an auspicious commencement, has continued to be progressive and prosperous. As a teacher of principles we think he excels." Mr. Peabody taught for several years in Lexington, having his home at the same time at the Heights. Mr. Peabody married Augusta Locke, daughter of the late Elbridge Locke. Whatever Mr. Peabody did, he did well. He gave his heart to his work, and thus it is that his pupils have such pleasant memories of their friend and teacher. Mr. Peabody was always interested in the Heights, where he had his home for so long a time. Several of his friends from Arlington and Lexington attended his funeral at his late home in Wakefield, on Sunday, Oct. 20. The interment was in Winchester.

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A BLOODLESS BATTLE.

Rev. H. F. Fister Tells the Historical
Society the Story of the Early Days
of Arlington Universalist Church.

The history of the First Universalist church of Arlington, as compiled by Rev. Harry F. Fister, was read before the Arlington Historical Society Tuesday evening, and was of more than ordinary interest. The story of the growth of the Universalist doctrine in the town and the hard work of the early Universalists in America, and a number of his sermons contained reference to those "lax in doctrine," "that believe in salvation for all men," etc.

It was not, however, until 1825, that the first evidence is found of the existence of Universalists in the village. At this time what is called the liberal movement was working in the mother church. When Fiske resigned in 1828 as pastor of the First church, an endeavor was made by both the Universalist and Unitarian elements to gain control of the society. The Universalists were not many in numbers, and the Unitarians readily carried the vote so that the First Congregational society became the First Congregational society (Unitarian). The Universalists took advantage of this change, and an independent organization was formed about 1830, and religious services were held in schoolhouses and halls of the town, the members at the same time keeping up connection with the First church. In 1831 the organization was mentioned in the records of the First church as the "Universalist society." In 1834, another minute was found to this effect: "Voted not to employ any minister called 'Universalist' to preach in said Congregational meeting house." This goes to show that the influence of the Universalists was being felt in the affairs of the First Parish. Dr. Hedge resigned in 1835, and there is no doubt that his resignation was anticipated and that the Universalists had been trying to secure a Universalist minister as his successor. But the fourth minister was Rev. David Damon, a Unitarian.

With thoughts of starting an independent movement, or disappointed in not securing the settlement of a Universalist, or with hopes of winning over the faltering Unitarians, the Universalists refused to contribute toward the support of the new minister, it being voluntary subscriptions at that time. This threw the burden of support on the Unitarians. They found it a somewhat difficult one to bear, although the salary of the minister was but \$500. The church building at this time was getting very much out of repair, and an effort was made by the Unitarians to build a new building with pews sold subject to taxation, which would help to relieve the financial difficulty. The Universalists opposed the movement, and it was generally understood that when the matter was put to vote, the side which won would assume control of the church. Few town meetings have created more excitement than was caused by the parish meeting in the fall of 1833 which would settle the question. There was a mustering of the clans from the rocks and hills of the west and northwest, a gathering of cohorts from the plains of the east and southeast. At the appointed hour, the opposing forces were marshaled by unknown leaders and the battle commenced. It was a bloodless battle, possibly to the surprise of many of the participants, but nevertheless a strenuous one. After the votes had been recorded and counted, the moderator declared that by a very small majority it was voted to erect a new building, the Universalists had lost, and the Unitarians held possession of the old parish property. The Universalists considered this a final decision and immediately withdrew from the church, made their informal organization a permanent one, and took steps toward erecting a meeting house of their own. The days of the summer and fall of 1840 were interesting ones. Both societies were building new meeting houses. There was considerable rivalry and possibly some hard feelings. Most of the spare hands and teams of the town were pressed into service to work without pay, and from the noise of the saw and the ring of the hammer one would have thought a western building boom had taken the town by storm. When the churches were built and the societies comfortably housed, the excitement and hard feelings were all forgiven and forgotten, and the societies became comrades instead of antagonists, and this band of fellowship has never been severed, and holds the two societies even today.

Mr. Fister gave a complete history of the building movements connected with the church and a long list of names of those who have been closely identified with the church work, besides other interesting events.

Rev. Harry F. Fister began to supply the pulpit in the fall of 1833, and was regularly called as pastor Jan. 1, 1834, holding the position until the present date, next to the longest pastorate in the history of the society. In closing, the speaker said: "Who can tell of the varied ministry that has come with these 60 years of existence of the Universalist society, the pleasure, the joy to others of doubtless dispelling of the comfort to the sorrowing, inspiration to the young, sympathy to other churches, an uplifting to the life of the town, permanency to the state, integrity of the nation, for the betterment of the world and for the glory of God. The real history of the First Universalist society has never been written, never can be written except as it is written in the Book of Life and the Record kept by the Great Recorder."

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new stalls, I am now prepared to
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THE ENTERPRISE.

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[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, November 2, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

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L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

THIS HUNTER'S MOON.

Where is the man to be found in this latitude who is not, or rather who has not been, enjoying this October moon which is supposed to shed forth its silvery light especially for the lover of the chase? These evenings, as were those in September under the light of the harvest moon, are simply delightful. The entire atmosphere, so kindly and softened, lends these moonlit evenings a charm which none can resist. How we pity that man or woman who is not susceptible to the sweet influences of the harvest and the hunter's moon! As we walked down the mountain side the other morning to take the carriage for the train which brought us on our homeward way, the great big moon was just going down behind Black Mountain, and what a picture! It was beyond all description. The glories of an early October morning under the light of the setting moon is a sweet poem written in the heavens for every lover of the picturesque and beautiful. These evenings of the past week, how they have glorified every material object!

SERIOUS CHARGES.

The charge of assault and robbery alleged to have been committed in East Lexington, Wednesday evening, was brought against John Kennedy, of Somerville, against Somerville, by the grand jury, yesterday morning, by Carrie Stevens, of 2 Line street, Boston. He was held under \$500 bonds for the grand jury. The story of the complainant, who is a fine young woman, is that she is straight forward, and is to the effect that her desire to earn an honest living was taken advantage of for criminal purposes. She testified that Tuesday she advertised for a position as housekeeper. Wednesday the defendant answered it, offering her a fair inducement to fill the position of housekeeper in his home which he claimed to be in Lexington. She finally agreed to accompany him, and Wednesday evening went with him to East Lexington. The crimes alleged in the complaint were committed near Pleasant street, and a dollar was the extent of the robbery. The complainant said she soon after boarded an electric and appealed for protection to the conductor. The defendant followed, but left the car when the conductor called out. He was told what had taken place, and leaving the car he found his man and placed him under arrest.

Kennedy admitted to Officer Foster and Chief Frank that he was the man who was woman regarding the position offered but denied the charges. He was unable to procure bail.

LOWE—DINWOODIE.

A very pretty home wedding took place at East Lexington, Tuesday evening, when Charles Herbert Lowe and Elizabeth Tennent Dinwoodie were united in marriage by the Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, pastor of Follen church. The wedding ceremony occurred at six o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Dinwoodie, on Massachusetts avenue. Frank W. Pierce was best man. The bride was attended by her two sisters, Miss Jane J. and Miss Marion C. Dinwoodie, and was dressed in a gown of white chiffon trimmed with lace and ribbons. She carried a large bunch of white chrysanthemums. A wedding supper was served and a reception was held during the evening. The many valuable presents received are a token of the high esteem in which both of the contracting parties are held by their many friends, a large number of whom gathered at the depot when they boarded the train for Boston. 'Mid showers of rice which fell all around them. After a short trip to Manchester, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. Lowe will return and reside in East Lexington.

ELECTION DAY.

Tuesday is election day, but Lexington has no town business on hand. The voters will designate their choice for select officers, and the town clerk, Charles A. Swan; Abram B. Smith; deputy ballot clerks, Irving Stone, B. J. Harrington, William F. Nourse, John Cronin, James Hurley, John Mookley, Francis Locke, George L. Pierce, Charles G. Kaufmann and James Barnes.

Two matches have been played so far this season by the Lexington High school team, one with the Boston English high, in which it was defeated, the latter in a score of 10 to 2; the other with Arlington High, which defeated Lexington in a score of 9 to 4. But the boys don't mind a little defeat like that, for they remember what they did to Arlington High, last season, about this time.

George Teague, of North Lexington, is building a cellar for a new barn, near Sampson's corner.

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East Lexington.

H. Malcolm Torrey has been engaged in refitting and repairing one of Grocer Walter Hutchinson's wagons belonging to the Arlington store.

Mrs. Calvin L. Eaton started Monday for a trip to Winchester, N. H., where she will visit relatives.

Mrs. Eliza A. Brooks, who has been visiting at Nathaniel W. Pierce's, on Maple street, returned Monday to her home.

The Friday club held its first meeting of the season, Friday, Oct. 25, with Mrs. S. Myron Lawrence, at her home on Pleasant street. The work for the coming winter will be in the form of a trip through the British Isles. Mrs. Lawrence read an interesting paper, describing the voyage across, the arrival at Liverpool, the sights there, and the railway journey from that city to London.

The next assembly under the management of the Jolly Four will be held in Village hall, Tuesday evening.

Police Officer James Irwin, who was recently appointed by the selectmen, began his duties Wednesday. Officer Irwin resides on Hibbard street.

The danger in using a rifle for hunting purposes was forcibly illustrated one day this week when a stray shot from some gunners in the vicinity of Mount Ephraim passed across the tracks and platform at the East Lexington station. The bullet was but a few feet from the ground and came very near hitting some little children who were standing there. The noise frightened them, and when they realized what it was they fled in terror and ran as fast as their legs could carry them. They certainly had a narrow escape.

A pleasant Halloween party occurred at William F. Caldwell's, Thursday evening. The young people enjoyed appropriate games and had a general good time.

John O'Neill is busy completing the grading about H. H. Tyler's new house. It is quite an extensive job.

The watering cart made its appearance on the avenue Thursday, but the season of water is likely to prevent its continued use, unless a pumping station is built at old town pump, as was done last year.

FOLLEN CHURCH.

Harvest services were held in Follen church, last Sunday morning. The church was tastefully decorated with autumn flowers, and the service was very attractive. The choir sang "The Harvest Home," and the offering was \$10.00. The pastor, Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, preached a sermon on "The Harvest Home," and the service was very attractive.

The pastor preached a short sermon, taking his text from John, 4th chapter, 37th and 38th verses. The service was very attractive, and the offering was \$10.00. The pastor, Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, preached a sermon on "The Harvest Home," and the service was very attractive.

The Young People's guild meeting, tomorrow evening, will be conducted by George E. Foster, who will speak on "Christianity and What It Is to Us." The subject of the pastor's sermon at Follen church, tomorrow morning, will be "In God We Trust."

The Follen Alliance met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. L. H. Gossom.

OLD BELFRY CLUB.

The Looking Backward party at the club tonight, will take place at 8 o'clock. To carry out the idea of the party the participants are requested to reverse their costumes, wear masks over the backs of the head and cover their faces with some suitable material to give the appearance of walking in one direction and looking in the opposite. This will be an interesting and novel party if all will enter into the spirit of it. Music, three pieces of Holbrook's orchestra.

All ladies interested and wishing to bowl are cordially invited to the club-house, Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, when arrangements will be made for the winter. The next whist party will be held Monday evening, Nov. 11, at 8 o'clock. At the party the table will be laid for Mr. and Mrs. Saben carried off first honor. It is hoped next time that an even larger number will be present.

The second entertainment of the season will be given in the club hall, Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:45 o'clock. The Critique club, of Boston, will present a four-act comedy, entitled "A Pair of Spectacles." There will be dancing after the entertainment.

The first series in the Cowboy pool tournament is completed, and the second series will soon begin. Miss M. who had a class in dancing in the club-house, last winter, has this season again engaged the hall where her classes will meet every Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Miss Celia Tibbitts, daughter of H. E. Tibbitts, of Forest and Waltham streets, was taken to a Boston hospital for treatment, Tuesday. She is but 12 years of age.

W. S. Teague has returned from the Pan-American exposition.

W. L. Brown, of North Lexington, has moved into the house of Ivory Whitten.

Mr. Wellington, an employee of the Lexington Lumber Co., has been moved from North Lexington to the Center.

Another car barn is being built for the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company near the barn in North Lexington. The increasing business of the company has made it imperative to have another building in which to store its extra cars, and that at once. The structure will be 20 feet long by 100 feet wide, and will accommodate 12 tracks. It is agreed by the builders that the barn will be ready for occupancy within a month, although the work has not yet begun.

Pierce & Barnes, of Boston, are the architects, Frank Stewart has the contract for the stone work and Charles Island, the building. There are some 25 cars now which cannot be stored and are exposed to all kinds of weather. As nothing affects the durability of cars more than being allowed to stand idle out of doors, it is important for the company to hasten the work of construction.

Frank Elmes, of Concord Junction, who runs the steam roller in Lexington, lost the fore finger of the right hand, last Saturday, by getting it caught in a gear while attempting to oil it while the roller was in motion. The member was amputated by Dr. J. O. Tilton.

Mrs. James Woods, who lives on the Mother Kent farm on West Hill turnpike, was tipped out of a two wheeler in front of Butters' store, Monday, and severely injured. Her left side and shoulder were badly bruised, and her face was scratched and cut. She was taken to the home of Mrs. George Dow, and later removed to her home. Later reports announce that no bones were broken.

Rev. John H. Cox, formerly of this place, addressed the Cox family gathering at the Hotel Westminster, in Boston, Thursday evening.

Supt. W. H. Greene, of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company, in company with Byron Anderson, station agent in the center, returned this week from a two weeks' hunt in Maine. They had secured a great deal of thought and home two deer apiece, and also 22 partridges, a fox and an otter. The latter was the result of Mr. Greene's true aim.

The town which the hunters made as headquarters in Hopedale, Mass., in the highest terms of the hunting there. A third man who was with them also shot two deer. The Lexington men's deer have been exhibited at Jackson's market.

The Art club will hold the first meeting of the season Monday.

The chief feature of the last meeting of the Tourist club, at Mrs. Charles Carter's, on Hancock street, was a paper by Mrs. H. A. C. Woodward on "Colonial Architecture." This interesting paper was most carefully prepared, and showed a great deal of thought and talent on the part of the writer. In preparing the paper, Mrs. Woodward had secured a large number of fine illustrations from various sources, which were passed around among the members, adding much to the interest of the meeting.

Next Monday the society will meet at the home of Miss Emma Hamlin, on Bloomfield street.

George W. Lincoln, a well known man in Lexington, has announced the marriage of his daughter, Charlotte Marion, to Arthur Wellington Kidder. Thursday of this week. The young couple will be at home in Lincoln on Nov. 18.

The pupils of the High school will occupy the hall at the Hancock school while the High school building is being renovated.

Roger I. Sherman attended the funeral of a cousin, Miss Edith Parker, at Exbridge, Mass., Tuesday.

Frida Steele gave a dinner party to a few of her friends at her home on Grant street. The young ladies looked very gay in their bright evening costumes, and the Harvard crimson was the dominating color of the table decorations, completed the gaiety of the scene.

Mrs. M. E. Downer and two daughters, Mrs. Louise Downer and Mrs. William Hunt, returned to Lexington, Friday evening, from their trip to Buffalo, Albany and New York city.

During the last of last week, Miss Nina Steele gave a dinner party to a few of her friends at her home on Grant street. The young ladies looked very gay in their bright evening costumes, and the Harvard crimson was the dominating color of the table decorations, completed the gaiety of the scene.

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Mrs. Mary Wellington returned from the hospital Monday in a slightly improved condition, but will probably be obliged to undergo another operation on her arm in about five months.

Mrs. W. L. Smith and her little daughter, Marjorie, are in Ashland, N. H., where they will probably remain until December.

A. C. Washburn has sold his home on Winthrop road to W. J. Luke, who has occupied it for some time.

The orchestra of Boston of Lexington musicians, which was formed last winter, held its first rehearsal of the season Friday evening, Oct. 25, with L. K. Blodgett, of Boston, as conductor, in the kindergarten building on Forest street. The members have greatly improved since last winter, and who knows but what they will be in trim enough before long to give us a fine concert.

O. G. Seely has a fine display of historic photographs in his window now. The tinted ones, which have lately been added to his stock, are especially pretty, and make very attractive souvenirs.

The first of the month Dr. Bertha Downing will move into the Goodwin block on Massachusetts avenue, opposite Seely's.

Rev. Mr. Horton, in his address following the dinner of the Sons of the American Revolution, paid the Lexington police a high yet nevertheless true compliment when he said the only difference there is between the Boston and the Lexington police is that the former know a thief, but do not know him, while the latter know a thief, and never fail to recognize him.

HANCOCK CHURCH.

The topic of the evening meeting at the Hancock church, Sunday, was "Courage." It was an especially strong subject and very clearly expounded by the pastor, who chose Martin Luther as a true illustration of a courageous man in every sense.

We are told how this man dared to stand up for what he thought to be right, at the risk of his life. The subject of the tomorrow evening, which is "Perseverance," promises to be quite as interesting.

Tomorrow afternoon a communion service will be held in the church at 3 o'clock.

The Christian Endeavor, tomorrow evening, will be led by Miss Nellie Bacon, the subject being "God's Leading in Our Lives."

BAPTIST CHURCH.

At the meeting of the Baptist church, Monday evening of this week, it was decided best not to call a pastor at present.

A missionary meeting will be held in the vestry Thursday afternoon.

BAPTIST SOCIETY.

The Baptist society held the usual services last Sunday. In addition to the regular singing, there were solos by Mrs. F. R. Brown, of Somerville. C. D. Easton will preach tomorrow, taking for his subject, "The Bread Winner's Burden Lifter."

Tickets for the oyster supper and entertainment on the 14th of this month are now on sale.

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Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

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Fire Insurance Life Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Established 1797; Fire Association of Philadelphia, Estab. 1872; Imperial Fire Ins. Co. of London, Eng., Estab. 1825; Worcester Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Estab. 1823. Equitable Life Assurance Society. Office, Sherburne Block, Lexington.

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On September 26, 1901,

the Misses Brooks reopened their SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, to the preparatory department of which boys will be admitted. For terms and further particulars, address MISS BROOKS, Warren St., Lexington.

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Hay shipped direct from Michigan and delivered at lowest market prices. Grains are received direct from western growers and are sold at prices which cannot be out under. Office, off Massachusetts Ave., LEXINGTON.

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C. CATERINO, Proprietor. Foreign and Domestic Fruits, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, Etc. All kinds of Fruits in their Season. Sherburne Block, LEXINGTON.

NOURSE & CO.,

Lexington Express. Furniture and Piano Moving. 32 CORNHILL, BOSTON OFFICES. 42 F. H. MARKET, LEXINGTON OFFICE, MASS. AVE.

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Carriages repaired in first-class manner. Carriage building a specialty. Good work in short order. H. A. SHAW, Shop, off Depot St., Residence, Nuzzey St., LEXINGTON.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY.

(Continued from Page One.) school supply from the outside; but for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes the water held full away covering the basement floor with several inches of water. The conduct of Hal Baldwin, who waded through five inches of water to try to stem the flood, reminds one of the brave Dutch boy who sat all night with his hands over a small hole in the dike, thereby saving a country from the treacherous ocean.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following letters remained in the Belmont postoffice, unclaimed, Oct. 26: Miss M. A. Clark, Miss Violet Loomer, Miss Annie Daley, Miss Norah Doyle, Mrs. G. Higgins, Miss L. E. Phillips, Mrs. J. Donovan, Mr. Donovan, Chas. Sawyer, Alphonse Beaulieu, Robt. Black, Jana Flabers, Mr. Pietro, Edw. V. Thompson.

WAVERLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Flett, of Trappe road, are back from a trip to the Pan-American and Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Flett were very much interested and pleased with the beautiful electrical illumination and pyrotechnic displays. When one of their visits to Niagara, the party in the fall included the famous Carrie Nation, the Kansas "saloon-smasher," now touring the country, lecturing.

Miss Jeanette Harris contemplates starting for the west early next week, where she will spend the winter months. The ladies of the Union society are to give a reception to Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Allen in the parlors of the Unitarian church, next Friday evening, to which all are welcome.

Frederick Montgomery, of Boston, formerly of Waverley, and Miss Nash, of Boston, were united in marriage last Wednesday.

A number of Waverley persons have thus early listed themselves as subscribers for the season of opera to be given this winter at the Bijou opera house.

Miss Mildred Houlihan was baptized by immersion at the Advent church, Waltham street, Somerville, Wednesday evening by the Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, preliminary to her acceptance as a member of the Waverley Congregational society, tomorrow.

John L. Ackers, of Cambridgeport, died last Saturday at the McLean hospital, after a long illness. Mr. Ackers was about 61 years old, and for many years had been in the house painting business in Cambridge. He served in the Civil war in Co. E, 5th Mass. reg. He was quartermaster of Post 30, G. A. R., for 18 years. The funeral was held Monday afternoon, from the home of his son, 112 Prospect street, Cambridgeport.

Waverley council, No. 313, R. A., is arranging to hold a ladies' night in Belmont town hall, Nov. 14. The entertainment will consist of a musical and literary program, followed by a collation and dancing.

Mrs. Burrier, of White street, has returned from a trip to the Pan-American and Niagara Falls, which she has been enjoying with her sister, Miss Burgess.

The Halloween social dancing party held at Waverley hall, Thursday evening, adds another successful evening to the list of social successes in the history of the Waverley Tennis club. The grand march of sheet and pillow case "ghost" couples, headed by Ralph S. Davis, floor director, followed by the aids, Frank Stearns and Harry B. Stearns, moved at 8 o'clock, and from then until 12:30 a very pleasant session of dancing was enjoyed.

A substantial addition is being made to the house at the rear of the Daniel Butler school on Trappe road, recently occupied by A. B. Shedd and family. Many other renovations are to be made before the new owner will take occupancy.

J. J. Davis has returned from a trip to Buffalo.

Mrs. Jarrett, of Trappe road, is visiting in Montreal, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Troy have returned from a visit with Mrs. Troy's brother at Lochine Lock, Quebec.

C. L. Blake has returned from a visit to his father, at Yarmouth, Me. William L. Adams is enjoying a gunning excursion in the New Hampshire woods.

E. T. Lamberton and wife are away for the winter months.

Mr. Barnes, of Belmont street, who is studying for and soon expects to enter the Episcopal ministry, has been visiting relatives in Waverley.

William W. Edgar, our local florist, has returned from New York, where he has been in attendance at the flower show at Madison Square garden. Mr. Edgar was one of the judges.

The registrars of voters held the list on last Saturday morning, Oct. 26, at a meeting at Belmont town hall.

The Ladies' Aid society will hold a supper and entertainment in Waverley hall, Wednesday, Nov. 6.

PERMANENT OPERA IN BOSTON AT THE BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

J. K. Murray and James Gilbert announce that a season of opera will be

given commencing Monday, Nov. 4, at the Bijou opera house, 545 Washington street, Boston. The opera will be adequately presented, with an excellent cast of principals, a careful and elaborate chorus and well-balanced orchestra. The artists to appear during the season include Clara Lane, Selma Kronold, Hattie Belle Ladd, K. Murray, James Murray, Geo. Shields, and others. The repertoire for the first three weeks will be, respectively, "Il Trovatore," "Iolanthe" and "The Beggar Student."

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. E. C. Porter preached last Sunday on "Thy Will Be Done," at the morning service.

The Y. P. S. C. E. meeting was led by Mrs. Thos. Gibson. Subject, "Bible Reading." This meeting was the regular monthly consecration meeting. Mrs. Brown, of Harrington street, Wednesday.

A number of delegates from the Y. P. S. C. E. attended the semi-annual convention of the Methodist Christian Endeavor union held in the Phillips Congregational church, Watertown, Wednesday evening.

TOWN FATHERS CONSIDER.

In answer to inquiries as to the presence of the surveyor's stakes on the hospital property; also, whether or no the selectmen have replied to the Boston & Concord Street Railway Co. petitions, asking for an extended location to the railroad crossings comes the following information:

The stakes were placed to gain an idea as to what effect the taking of a strip of street proposed would have on the appearance of the estate, and not placed as lines for immediate work.

The selectmen have not yet made answer to the petitioner's request, as cited in the hospital. Were it not for the fact in having a trio of men at the helm of town affairs who realize and investigate all attendant consequences of granting such a petition.

The townspeople have on past occasions shown a decided inclination toward preferring to grant locations to the Boston Elevated Co. and there is a possibility that that company may ask a location. Then again there are a number of dangerous crossings which such a line would open, even though but of short length. The matter of expenditure for street widening and the rather unenviable cause for more connections all serve as problems which we consider our town fathers

ALL DUE TO A PAIR OF TIGHT BOOTS

miserable ten minutes watching Kittie, whom Heselstine had joined upon the sofa. Presently tea came in, and behind the footman the biscuits trotted Fido. Fido was Kittie's spaniel—a nasty little King Charles I. beast, with more ears than sense. The little brute had my boot in his silly mouth and was pretending that it was a rat and worrying it. If it had been a rat, he would have squealed and hidden away underneath a chair. I was furious. I made a bolt forward to catch hold of Fido, my foot slipped, I caught at the nearest thing I could reach and down came the footman with the tea on top of me.

I have never seen anybody so absolutely furious as old Marshmount was.

"This sort of thing may be very funny in a sergeant's messroom," he thundered, "but I'm—I'm—I'm hanged!"—it was a terrible exertion for the old man to change the word he meant to say—"I'm hanged if I'll have it in my drawing room!"

"And he's taken one of his boots off, too," said Tom. "Whatever is the matter with this evening, old man—a touch of sunstroke, or what?" "Sunstroke! Sunstroke be—be stroked!" shouted his father. "It's port—that's what it is. He's drunk, sir! Yes, sir, you're drunk, and if your father wasn't one of my oldest friends, I'd—"

I don't know what old Marshmount would have done if the governor had not been one of his oldest friends, for just at that moment Fido, with my boot in his mouth, came within kicking range, and I let fly with the foot that had a boot on. Fido dropped the boot and flew across the room like a punted football, dropping, with a yap, just at Kittie's feet.

I snatched up my boot, but didn't stop to put it on, and left the house hurriedly, without saying goodby to anybody. I spent most of the night composing a note to Kittie with a full explanation, but it read so absurdly that, after having written eighteen or twenty different versions, I gave it up and sent my man round at 7 next morning with a few lines to her, begging her to see me for two minutes before I left at 10 for Gib.

My own messenger brought the answer back to me. "Dear Mr. Henderson," she wrote—we had been brought up together, and she had never in her life called me anything but Jack—"A man who can so far forget himself as you did last night and who can ill treat a poor dumb beast who had done nothing to incur your anger—the italics are mine, not Kittie's—can have no explanation to make to which it would be worth my while to listen."

"I am leaving town early this morning myself for a fortnight's stay with my friend Gladys Heselstine, so anyhow it would be difficult to find time to see you. Besides, father says he will never have you in the house again. You have offended him dreadfully."

So, you see (said the major), if I hadn't been so vain of my small feet and had worn my boots just one size larger I might have been a Benedict by this time. And the major looked down at his well varnished boots, smiled into his mustache and didn't look altogether miserable, I thought.—Answers.

Persian Rugs. A square foot of the best Persian rug is worth about \$10, and it takes a single weaver twenty-three days to complete this portion. This allows the weaver about 44 cents per day for her wool and her labor, but three-fourths of this amount goes to pay for the wool. Only 11 cents per day is left for the weaver.

The wage of the producer of the inferior article is somewhat better. A square foot of an inferior rug is sold for about 60 cents, and the time required for weaving it is but two days, thus allowing the weaver 30 cents per day for her wool and labor. She uses inferior wool, washes but little of it and pays only a nominal sum for a cheap dye. The framework of her loom costs comparatively little, as the rug it produces is from twenty to thirty times the size of the superior rug. Thus it appears that in the long run the inferior weaver is better paid than the one who fatigues her brain with her efforts to produce a rug of the best quality.—Rosa Belle Holt in "Rugs, Oriental and Occidental."

The Andaman Islands. In the eastern part of the bay of Bengal is a group of islands called the Andaman Islands. They are profusely covered with vegetation, nearly every kind of tree growing there. The scenery, too, is very grand, but the islands are unhealthy and on this account are not thickly populated. In fact, the natives are gradually dying off. They are quite uncivilized and once had an evil name for cannibalism, but live now chiefly on fish. Squatting on rocks or standing on rudely shaped boats, they shoot at the fishes with arrows, although some employ long spears.

The islands are used by the Indian government as a settlement for prisoners of the worst type, and it was while engaged in a tour of inspection in 1872 that Lord Mayo, the governor general of India, was stabbed to death by a desperate convict.—London Opinion.

Incorrect Diagnosis. He posed as a fortune teller and mind reader, and when he was arrested and taken into a New York court for posting handbills on the street he explained his vocation to the presiding judge.

"And so you are a mind reader," said the interpreter of the law. "I wonder if you can read my mind."

"Oh, yes," replied the prisoner, apparently believing that a "bluff" would serve his cause as well as anything. "You are of a bright and cheerful disposition, and I can see by the merry twinkle in your mind that you are about to tell me to go home."

"Your diagnosis is not correct," said the judge. "I was merely meditating whether I should make the fine five dollars or ten dollars. I think we will call it five dollars this time."

Mother Was to Blame. Jock and Annie were to get married, and she had confided to him that her age was twenty. After the ceremony and festivities were over they both went home and retired for the night. Annie's mother resided next door and, being up early the following morning, thought she would give the happy couple a "rap up."

On the way to their door she suddenly remembered it was Annie's birthday. Knocking loudly at the door, she bawled out:

"Come away, Annie, get up. Ye ken ye're thirty the day."

Jock, who was the first to hear the voice, astonished his mother-in-law by shouting:

"For goodness' sake get up, Annie, for we're sleppin' ten years."—Pearson's Weekly.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-1.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 35-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-2.
Henry W. Seal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1686.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 23-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
James O. Holt, grocer, Arl. 137-2.
James O. Holt, provision dealer, Arl. 37-2.
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3 or 149-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 329-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 124-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
Jitchfield's Studio, 307-3.
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.
John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 21-3.
A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509.
Perham's Pharmacy, 116-3; pay station, 21-3; house, 329-6.
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 138-4.
E. Price, Arl. 25-2.
Pearce & Winn, Arl. 1-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
W. B. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2845.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-3; house, Lex. 61-7.
C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4.
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 213-3.
Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 243-7.
John G. Waage, Arl. 145-4.
C. T. West, undertaker, Lex. 25-4; house, 31-2.
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Boston Office—36 Court St., 48 Chatham St., 17 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Market.
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448 Massachusetts Avenue,

ARLINGTON.

The Cross Country Ride

A Story of an Automobile.

By GEORGE E. WALSH.

They were hopelessly stuck when I came along on my wheel. The country was a desolate waste around, the nearest town ten miles as the crow flies. The roads were—well, my muddy tires would not recommend them.

"Broke down?" I asked with that evident concern a man always feels for two helpless ladies stranded by the wayside in an automobile. Of course I had anticipated my answer before the question was asked, for it was self evident.

"Yes. The electricity or something has given out."

It was a sweet, girlish voice, which I admired, and the face harmonized with it. The other occupant of the vehicle was the mother, and not quite so attractive. "A bad place to break down," I suggested, dismounting. "See what I can do for you."

"It's very kind of you." "We wouldn't like to detain you, though," added the mother, looking at me as if she thought I was a highwayman.

"No particular hurry," I replied. "I was out for a pleasant spin and got lost on this abominable road."

"And we, too, thought we would have a ride all alone. Papa never likes to have me go alone, but John was away, and I told mamma I knew how to run the machine. And I do!"

"Certainly. But repairing it is another thing."

"Yes. John had no business to let it get out of order."

"If you will dismount," I said, "I might make an investigation."

I held out my arm to assist her, but her mother protested.

"Is it necessary? The roads are so muddy."

"No, not necessary for both," I added, already holding the arm of her daughter.

She stood by my side and watched me open the box, giving advice and directions about the location of the tools, which I appreciated.

"The electricity has not given out," I announced later, "but there is something wrong with the battery. There's power enough in it to carry you fifty miles or kill a dozen men."

"Mercy, Stella, is there any danger?" queried the woman in the automobile.

"No, mamma."

"Not any, madam," I added reassuringly. "However, I must get at the board under your feet. If you will kindly hold them up a moment."

"Wait! I will get out with Stella."

"Not at all necessary."

But she climbed down in a hurry, and I proceeded to lift the board. It was a common enough battery and motor, but a little kinky in its actions at times. Being somewhat of an electrician, I promised to repair the injury in a short time.

"It's fortunate we met you," said Stella laughingly, "or we might have had to walk back to town."

"Yes, it is very fortunate for me," I replied, without looking up, but through the machinery I could see looks of disapproval on the mother's face. That provoked me to work in silence for some minutes. Then, jumping into the automobile, I said:

"Now I think the thing will go. Which lever do you use?"

"This one."

She sprang lightly into the vehicle and touched the handle, giving it a sudden twist. Then the machinery did go. There were a whirring and buzzing that made us turn in alarm. The wheels dug into the mud so fast that they flung a handful straight at the mother, who stood directly back of us. The vehicle darted forward like a race horse.

"Shut off the power!" I said quickly.

Stella looked at me with a peculiar smile and said:

"I can't."

"Why not? Let me try!"

I took the lever from her hand and turned it clear around, but there was no diminution in the speed of the automobile. If anything, it seemed to gallop faster. We were now a hundred yards from our starting point. I turned to see the mother running after us, shouting:

"Stop, thief! Stop, stop! I'll have you arrested!"

But I was helpless. We were running too fast to jump. It was sure death to attempt it. So I tried to collect myself and said:

"This is serious. We must keep our heads."

"Yes, very serious. But I'm not afraid—not yet."

"Nor am I, out here in the country. It's like a cross country ride."

"Yes; but we can't tell where it will end."

We were making twenty miles an hour then, unless my calculations were wrong, and I had difficulty in holding the machine straight in its course.

"I've been in runaways before," I gasped as the wind nearly blew my breath away, "but never in an automobile."

"Nor have I," she answered, grasping her loosened hair, which streamed behind her. "But I've always wanted to be in one."

"Then you'll have all you want before we get through with this. I think we are increasing our speed."

We passed a team, which shied at our vehicle and nearly upset the carriage in the gutter.

"We must be creating a sensation," I suggested grimly, trying again to shut off the power.

"Shouldn't wonder," she replied. Then eagerly, "But it's fun."

"Yes, lots of fun," I assented not wishing to be beaten by a girl.

"I'm glad you're not afraid," she added, "for if you were I think I might be."

"Oh, I'm not a bit afraid," I replied, trying to keep a tremor from spilling my voice. "So long as we keep the thing going we are all right."

"We bumped over a cat that tried to run across our path and scattered hairs and screeches around that vanished almost as soon as we noticed them."

"Are you going through the village?" she asked a moment later.

"I wouldn't if I could help it. I like the country much better. But there are no forks in the road and at this speed I'm afraid I could not turn around gracefully on this narrow road."

She laughed—softly and musically.

"I should think not. We might be spilled out."

"Yes; spilled out," I shivered.

"What's the matter? Are you afraid now?"

"Not a bit," as I narrowly escaped knocking a man over, who shook his cane at us. "I'm just beginning to enjoy it."

"I suppose mamma will be worried about us."

"Yes, about you," I answered with difficulty. "But not about me. I think she would like to see me killed and mauled."

"She thought you were trying to steal the automobile—or me. Now she must be sure of it."

"I wouldn't steal this old—this machine for anything," I gasped. "But you—"

"Well, what were you going to say?" demurely.

"You are quite another story, as somebody has said."

"Kipling, you mean."

"No; I mean you."

"Oh, I see. I meant the story, or the one who said that—"

"Here we come to the village," I interrupted desperately. "Are you afraid now?"

"No, not unless you are."

"Me afraid? Never! I don't know what fear is!"

"Neither do I—at least not when I'm with you."

"That's kind of you. But I wish that old haycart would get out of our way and that hearse in front. Say, can't you toot the horn?"

"Can I? Just listen!"

"That's it. Make them think Barnum's circus is coming, and they'll give us the right of way. Now, again, for there's a whole menagerie of people and horses in front."

It was the main street of the village, and we were dodging and dashing through it at a pace that frightened everybody and upset everything that got in our way.

"See that fool ahead trying to stop us! He's the town officer!"

"Well, he's a brave man if he can stop us."

"Do you wish he would?"

"Yes. No, of course not!" I stammered. "This is too much fun—with you—to wish anybody to stop us."

"There he goes now, shaking his stick at us! I'll toot the horn in his face. Isn't he mad now?"

"I suppose so," I replied, "but I can't look behind. This thing requires all of my attention."

"You look tired. Why, you're perspiring! Are you getting a little afraid now? Just a little bit?"

"Well, now, I may. No, no; of course not—not a single bit. It's jolly. It's a regular lark. And there's the country ahead!"

"Another cross country ride! How many miles did you say the electricity would carry us?"

"Fifty!" I groaned.

"How lovely!"

"Yes. Lovely!"

Outside of the village the road forked. One went down into the lowlands where the roads were good; the other climbed a steep hill. I saw my hope, and toward the hill I steered.

"Why, the roads are better the other way," she said.

"I thought they were smoother up here," I lied.

"No; this road leads up the side of the mountain, and we can never get to the top without stopping. I'm sure of it."

"I thought the other one led up the mountain. How provoking!"

"Yes; very provoking! It will spoil our ride!"

There was disappointment on the pretty face, but when we climbed the hill and our vehicle panted and snorted under the exertion my courage and spirits returned.

"Well, it can't be helped now. We've had a splendid ride together. I shall always remember it."

"Yes; splendid! I hope mamma won't worry."

"She won't, I'm sure. But I think I'll leave you in the village and not see her today."

Worn out with its exertions, the vehicle came to a sudden standstill near the summit. Stella dismounted, and I quietly disconnected the machinery.

"It's broken for good now," I said, examining it. "We will have to get a team to drag it back to the village."

"How mean! I thought we should have a good run down the hill. You wouldn't be afraid, would you?"

"Certainly not," I faltered, looking down the steep road. "But it's out of the question now."

"Then we'll have to walk it."

"Yes, but together, and that will be fun."

"Not half as much as if we were riding. That was such a lark! It was the best cross country ride I ever had."

"Yes; the best I ever had."

Of course I escaped the irate mother's wrath, but I had to make a ten mile detour to avoid it, and when I found my wheel I was thankful enough to get home without bodily harm.—New York Times.

Wanted Stopping Up.

The congregation had suffered much discomfort from a very perceptible draft in church. The matter came up for discussion at the vestry meeting, when various remedies were suggested. After much talking the vicar addressed himself to an elderly parishioner who had hitherto been silent:

"Cannot you help us in our difficulty, Mr. G? We should be glad to hear your views."

"Well, sir, bein' as you've appealed to me, I can only say that agen you're 'alf way thro' the sermon we begins to feel like 'tho' there's a deal o' waste wind about."

This was greeted with laughter in which the vicar joined, remarking:

"Possibly our friend finds my discourses to be of a breezy character."

"Dear, dear, no, sir. My meanin's simply this: When we've bin perched in one spot for well nigh fifty minit a-list'nin' to yer, we're more'n ever perswaded there's a 'ole somewher' wants stoppin' up!"—London Answers.

Coffee and Digestion.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 3.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. 1, 15-26. Memory Verses, 18-21—Golden Text. Ps. xc. 12—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

Again we are called to pass over many most interesting and profitable items, but we trust that all teachers will note at least the following: God's gracious and comforting interview with Jacob at Beersheba as he was about to leave Canaan, the meeting of Joseph and his father, Jacob's interview with Pharaoh, Jacob blessing Joseph and his two sons, his parting words to all his sons, his death and his burial at Hebron.

15. "Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him." One of the hardest things on earth to bear is to be misunderstood, misjudged, slandered without cause, to be falsely accused by those to whom you have shown only loving kindness and for whom you have in your heart nothing but good will. Joseph had given these men every evidence of his forgiveness, he had wept over them and kissed them (xlv, 15) and had done all that love could do for them, but they did not believe that he really meant it, after all. What manner of men are these who cannot trust such a brother? Do we act like this toward the Lord Jesus? He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but they hated Him and called Him a devil and would not believe that He was their own Messiah.

16, 17. "Joseph wept when they spake unto him." The treatment of his brethren was enough to make him weep. If his father told them to say what they said he did, to ask Joseph to forgive what he had already so manifestly forgiven, that would be a cause for weeping; if his brethren were lying to him concerning their father, that would be sufficient to make him weep. Let us lay it to heart; if we have truly received and do put all our trust in the precious blood of Christ for our salvation, then such words as John vi, 37; i, 12; i John ii, 12; Isa. xlii, 25; Acts xiii, 38, 39, should give us perfect rest concerning the forgiveness of all our sins and our relationship to God; but how many believers, just like the brethren of Joseph, are ever questioning their relationship to God and wondering if their sins are really forgiven. This is ungrateful belief and gives the Holy Spirit and our blessed Lord.

18. "Behold, we be thy servants." This they said as they fell down before his face. This was not gratitude for his love, but seeking thus to obtain that favor which he had already freely bestowed upon them. For 17 years the brethren of Joseph had enjoyed his favor (xlii, 28) and loving kindness, yet now they come abjectly before him to obtain that which had been theirs fully all these years. There are Christians who 15 or 20 or 30 or 40 years ago received through Christ the forgiveness of sins and were made children of God and joint heirs with Christ, yet are never sure that they are saved, never rejoicing in Him, but hope some day to be good enough for heaven if they can only prove faithful.

19, 20. "Fear not, for am I in the place of God?" What they needed was true penitence before God, against whom they had so grievously sinned and to whom perhaps they had never yet truly turned. There can be no peace of mind until we are sure that all that was against us before God has been put away (Col. ii, 13, 14). Covering sin from God never prospers, but confessing and forsaking it always brings mercy (Prov. xxviii, 13).

21. "He comforted them and spake kindly unto them." Another "fear not" and assurance of continued care and more kind words and no upbraiding. How manifestly the spirit of Christ was in Joseph, for only the great grace of God, such as we read of in II Cor. viii, 9; ix, 8; i Tim. i, 14, could enable a man to act as Joseph did toward these brethren. He of whom Joseph was a wondrous type will comfort you and speak kindly to you, whoever you may be, if you will only come to Him, for He is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort (II Cor. i, 3). Here we have the last two of these precious "fear not's" in this book; others are found in chapters xv, xxi, xlii, xliii, xliv.

22, 23. "And Joseph lived an hundred and ten years." See also verse 26. Since he was 30, when he first stood before Pharaoh (xli, 46), he had 80 years of prosperity in Egypt; enough to make him forget the few years of slavery and imprisonment, and we know that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that awaits us (Rom. viii, 18). Jacob lived 147 years, Isaac 180, Abraham 175, so that Joseph's life was comparatively short, but how much of blessing for thousands and tens of thousands there was in it, and what an amount of fellowship with Christ! If we are here for Christ, He will see to it that we abide His appointed time, then we shall rest and shall stand in our lot at the end of the days (Dan. xii, 13).

24, 25. "God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land." God had told Abraham that He would, and Joseph, like Abraham, believed God (chapter xv, 14) and took an oath of his brethren that when they went they would take his bones along. This they did as they had promised and buried them in Shechem (Joshua xxiv, 32). This is the one thing mentioned of Joseph in Heb. xi, 22. "By faith Joseph when he died made mention of the departing of the children of Israel and gave commandment concerning his bones." Joseph was sure that however long the waiting time might be the promises of God would be fulfilled. This he had learned in his own experience. We are reminded of II Sam. xlii, 5. Those who have like faith with Joseph and David expect to see all the unfulfilled promises concerning Israel yet literally fulfilled. See Isa. ix, 6, 7; Jer. xlii, 17; xliii, 5, 6; Ezek. xxxvii, 21-28, and all others according to Acts iii, 19-21.

26. "They embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." What a strange ending to this first book in the Bible! It begins with life, but ends with death, but the Bible ends with life every-where on earth and death destroyed by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ (Rev. xxi, 3-21; xxi, 4, 5), who because of sin became a sin offering, a sacrifice for sin and died for our sins. When He shall come to His throne, there will be life for all Israel and blessing for all the world. As long as that coffin abode in Egypt the promise to Abraham in Gen. xv, 14, was unfulfilled, and as long as the body of a saint remains in the dust of this earth some other promises remain unfulfilled, such as I Thess. iv, 16, 17; I Cor. xv, 51, 52. But He will come and fulfill every promise.

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER, Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Moving circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant street, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening, prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting. Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave. Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS. Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS.

Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

49 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.

50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

51 Bedford street—opp. J. M. Reed's.

52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

53 cor. Ash and Reed streets.

54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

56 Lowell street near Arlington line.

57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

58 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.

59 cor. Blinfield and Eustice streets.

60 Mass. avenue and Percy road.

61 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.

62 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.

63 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

64 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.

65 Bedford street near Elm street.

66 Centre Engine House.

67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

69 Hancock street near Massachusetts avenue.

70 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

71 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.

72 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

61 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. E. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James H. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists. Give the alarm at the nearest box. Pull the hook way down, only once, and let it go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire, all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be left to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove your key from place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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The Courage of a
...Noncombatant

By W. R. ROSE.

They were having an informal gathering at the Buffington-Browns. Mrs. Buffington-Brown's brother, Jack, had dropped into town suddenly, and his loving sister wanted a few of the young people of her acquaintance to meet him, and it had to be an informal affair because Jack was obliged to be in Washington at a certain hour, and there was only this one evening to meet him.

His sister was very proud of Jack, and well she might be. Jack was in the army and had seen service in both Cuba and Luzon. It had been brilliant service, too, especially in the Philippines, where with a little band in khaki he had held off a host of insurgents and then been rescued just as the last cartridge was reached. He had got a bullet in his arm in this warm affair and never knew it until after all was over. And he had been mentioned in the dispatches and been promoted, and the newspapers made quite a hero of him.

He looked like a hero. He was tall and straight, with thick dark hair and a bright complexion and wonderful flashing eyes. And he talked well, too. Being the lion of the affair, he had to talk, and of course his talk turned in the direction of his own exploits. That was what the guests called for and what they wanted, and, as he modestly as he might, he had perforce to roar of his own prowess.

It was "Please tell us about that fight at Tarrimena, Mr. Chalmers. How did you feel when the last cartridge was gone? And is it true that you made the men tear up everything white they had about them for fear they might be tempted to raise the signal of surrender?"

But he went through with it very well indeed. Even the men who were present had to admit that. As for the girls, they thought him adorable.

When it was time to break up and the goodbyes were being said, Mrs. Buffington-Brown had asked Edgar French to see that May Freeman got home safely. The distance wasn't far, and Edgar was an old friend of the family. Perhaps Maud Buffington-Brown had an idea that Edgar would be pleased at the trust reposed in him. Everybody liked Edgar.

May Freeman looked up at him as he carefully adjusted her cape. Perhaps she mentally contrasted him with the glorious Jack.

Edgar was of medium height, of fair complexion, with a rather firm chin and bright gray eyes. He was not of the stalwart build that marked the war hero, and yet he looked well knit despite his slenderness.

As they moved away from the house May turned to him and said:

"Would you mind, Mr. French, if we prolong our walk a little? The night is so pleasant and the air so bracing. I'm choked up with all that battle smoke, and the clear atmosphere is such a relief."

"I am delighted," said Edgar, and it gave him quite a thrill to feel that he could grant her even so small a favor. "We will walk around two extra blocks, if you please," said May, "and by that time I think I'll get the rattle of the musketry out of my ears. Wasn't he fine?"

"He certainly was," replied Edgar. "To me it seemed that he was in almost as embarrassing a position as that at Tarrimena. But he came out of it with flying colors."

"I should have thought all the men would have been dreadfully jealous of him," laughed May.

"No doubt we were for the moment," laughed Edgar in return, "but possibly we were consoled by the thought that it is quite impossible for all of us to go to war. Some of us, as the philosophical young gasiter in 'Caste' remarks, must stay home and pay rates and taxes."

But May did not laugh at this. "I suppose," she said, "that it is an inherited tradition that makes women love physical courage. Probably it comes down to them from the time when man fought for them and the stronger or braver took the prize."

She turned and half looked at Edgar as she spoke. Perhaps she wondered if this man whom she knew loved her would be willing to fight for her as the wooer fought for his bride when the earth was young.

"I know that I am arguing from the unsympathetic standpoint," said Edgar, "but it seems to me that any man who is useful to society, who fills any worthy niche, no matter how small, is doing society as well as himself an injustice when he needlessly or recklessly exposes himself to danger. Of course there are times when such exposure becomes a necessity. It was so with the man who has entertained us tonight. That's his trade. His shop with him as much as cotton brokerage is with me. What I contend is that the ordinary man's life is quite too valuable to the state to be thrown away through a merely barbarous sentiment."

May was silent for a moment. "I think you must be brave, or you wouldn't have the courage to advance such a belief," she said. "It's a part of the spirit of commercialism, isn't it?"

Edgar winced.

"I suppose it is," he said.

"And you mean to say," she went on without heeding his murmured assent, "that if you were attacked, say, by highwaymen, you would offer no resistance?"

"Well," said Edgar slowly, "it would be a question with me whether a trinket or two and a few dollars would be a fair equivalent for the grievous risk I would run of much bodily injury in case I resisted."

"And you would hold up your hands and submit to the looting and the humiliation?" May asked, and there was an unusual edge to her usual pleasant tones.

"Under ordinary circumstances I fancy I should play the philosopher rather than the hero," replied Edgar, and he asked himself in the silence that followed why he was painting his picture in such unprepossessing colors.

They had almost circled the second block and were on their way back to the avenue in which May resided. The cross street was a lonely one, and as they neared the corner of an intersecting alley Edgar saw that three men were standing under a lamppost. They separated as Edgar's eyes rested on them and came slowly forward, two next the curb and one close to the fence. Edgar looked back. The street behind him as far as he could see was deserted.

He did not change his gait, but, with May's hand resting lightly on his arm, walked steadily forward. May was silent. His words had jarred upon her

sensitive spirit. She did not notice the men.

As they approached the trio Edgar saw that he and May must pass between the pair and the single man. If anything was to happen, he would precipitate it.

He walked directly at the pair.

"Hold on there!" said a gruff voice, and one of the men drew something from his pocket that glinted as he raised it.

Edgar swung May back.

"What's that?" he said.

"Throw up your hands," growled the gruff man, and the barrel of a revolver was thrust against Edgar's breast. "Go through him, Jim. Hustle."

The second man pulled open the victim's coat. Edgar's hands, held in front of him, with his arms half bent, were slowly rising. His eyes were fixed on the eyes of the man with the revolver.

May had drawn back instantly as the third man quickly advanced. Then she started to run up the steps of the nearest house.

"Hold the girl, Joe," said the man with the revolver.

The third man intercepted May in her flight.

"Edgar!" she cried.

The eye of the man with the revolver wavered. At the same instant Edgar struck up the weapon with his left arm and thrust his right elbow with all the force he could command into the second man's face. There was a sharp report, and Edgar felt something like the sear of a hot iron across his temple. The fingers of his left hand caught the ruffian's wrist, and with his right hand he struck him a crushing blow in the face. The second man, dazed for a moment, sprang forward and tried to grapple with Edgar from behind, but the latter, fighting desperately for possession of the revolver, had whirled his man half round, and for a second or two it was impossible to grasp him.

"Joe!" gasped the first ruffian. The man who had been guarding May and who had paused irresolutely when the revolver report rang out sprang forward with a short billy in his hand. At the same moment a second report was heard, and the first ruffian dropped to his knees, choked, gasped and pitched forward. The second man stood aghast, but the third man, with an oath, sprang at Edgar.

The latter stepped back and met the rush with a revolver shot. The fellow's arm dropped to his side, and he roared with pain. At this the second man turned into the street and ran swiftly down the roadway. The third man followed him, but much more slowly.

It had all happened so quickly—the halt, the struggle, the discomfiture of the highwaymen—that the impulse to scream had not come to May. She had stood on the lower step and watched the fight with suspended breath and parted lips. Now she ran forward.

"Oh, Edgar," she cried, "are you hurt?"

He was panting a little and for a moment could not answer.

"I guess not," he laughed. He put his hand to his bleeding head. "Seems to be a scratch or something up here. Great luck, wasn't it?" And he laughed again. "Give me your handkerchief, Edgar."

She tenderly bound up his wound. Her face came very close to his. Suddenly she kissed him and quickly drew back.

"You are splendid!" she murmured.

"Pooh, pooh," he

